A WORD

Arvid Shulenberger

Poems are obscure to me
When they are right. They sing free
Of pre-conception. They are true
To the Muse alone. They are new
As new leaves sung by an old tree.

What they mean I seldom know.
The Muse to Hesiod long ago
Remarked she told the truth at times
But not to trust his casual rhymes.
This is a rule that I follow.

END OF THE LINE

Arvid Shulenberger

There are a few live saints
who take God as a model,

A few live artists
who idealize saints,

A few professors living
who try to worship art,

But God help any student
who tries to live admiring a professor.

SIX WORD POEM

Bird (sparrow)
Sunlight (May)
Tree (boxelder)

Sparrow (tree)
Boxelder (bird)
May light (sun)

Sparrow (May)
Boxelder (light)
Sun bird (tree!)

STYLIST

Arvid Shulenberger

His means are ends. His ends are mean.
He settles for something in between.

ROMANCE

To look before and after, and pine for what is not,
Is the surest single method for going all to pot.

FREE ADVICE

Fit the verse to the form
As your face to the storm,
But the form to the dream
As one splash to the stream.

METAPHOR IS POETRY

A live sparrow among the glass mausoleums
Of an ornithological museum
Is a living poem, lousy, noisy, real,
In a current academic authology.

EDGAR POE AND THE SECRET REVOLUTION IN POETRY

Arvid Shulenberger

There are two Poes in the annals of American literature. The first and best known is Edgar Allan Poe, the most exotic of that American Pantheon which is represented in bust and portrait on the walls of American schoolrooms. He is known as the inventor of the detective story and "science fiction," as the "jingle man" who wrote a popular elocution piece called "*The Raven*," and as an ingenious, wine-bibbing drug-addict. American schoolmasters have never known what, exactly, to do with Edgar Allan Poe, but have admitted him as a kind of literary entertainer among the august figures of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes.

The other Poe, who inhabited the same bodily frame as the first, is named Edgar Poe, his name pronounced in the French manner as something approaching Ed Garpoe. He is a far different sort from Edgar Allan Poe–a major poet, a major critic of poetry, a figure of world renown in literature. He has been little known in America, even to the present day.

The major monuments to Edgar Allan Poe, in modern culture, are the detective story and "science fiction." The major monument to Edgar Poe is "modern" poetry and the "new" criticism of the past forty years. Edgar Poe was the instigator of a revolution in the art of poetry, a secret revolution unrecognized in his own day, a movement which became after his death an international-underground (chiefly in France) and finally, in our own time, the established and orthodox institution of modern poetry. The typical modern poet might be

said to be a belated supporter of Poe's original and secret revolution in poetry. The modern poet holds most of Poe's views (often without recognizing them as Poe's), and holds them with something of Poe's fervor, but the views are now orthodox, not revolutionary, and the fervor has lost most of its point.

Poe lived from 1809 to 1849, and was thus at the height of his powers just over a century ago. We need trace the roots of modern poetry back no further than those years. In a preface to one of his early books of poems, Poe speaks very well of Coleridge, and pays him the more convincing compliment of plagiarizing several paragraphs from him. Both his practice and his theory are drawn to a considerable extent from Coleridge; neverthless it is true that Poe himself, not Coleridge, proved to be the great originator and influence in modern poetry.

During his short career of twenty years, Poe originated more new disciplines of literature than almost anyone else one could name. W. H. Auden has made the significant and often forgotten point that Poe was an unusually hard-working, practical and industrious journalist, not at all the bohemian drug-addict that he has been popularly considered to be. Poe was an unusual man—unusual in ways unsuspected by many of his readers; it may even be worth mentioning that he was in his youth a very strong swimmer, a successful professional soldier (as an enlisted man), and that he once broad-jumped twenty—one feet, six inches—a championship jump in the pre-modern era.

It is not too much to say, of Poe's literary achievement, that he not only founded modern poetry but that he also supplied it with the core of a theory, a poetics. To get at this point more clearly we should perhaps mention first the conventional reputation which (Edgar Allan) Poe has acquired during the country since his death, among readers and even among scholars.

Briefly, his reputation is this: he is considered to be a skillful technician in verse, but a rather shallow writer whose thoughts and emotions are of little significance. This view is exactly the reverse of the truth. In fact, Poe was a rather clumsy technician, but an artist whose attitudes and emotions were extraordinarily deep and true. Deep and true, though narrow at times to the point of abnormality. Poe himself contributed to the confusion that has since surrounded his work and name, for he was fond (as a number of modern poets have been) of perpetrating hoaxes, and of making himself out to be a very skillful and even learned writer. Hence his talk about "octameter acatelectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic," as if he were working (in "*The Raven*") from a profound knowledge of English or classical metrics. He was not; in "*The Raven*" he was chiefly imitating, by ear, a meter which had recently been employed by Elizabeth Barret Browning. Poe stirred up a great deal of this kind of dust, which has obscured for many readers the indisputable fact that his meters, especially in his best poems, are very simple and even in a technical sense crude.

Though Poe developed his significant theoretical views from his practice, that is to say' from his poems, it may be clearer here to reverse his order, and say something first about his theory.

Poe like other literary Americans of his time—Bryant and Hawthorne, for example-considered all works of litarature, indeed the whole "world of mind" (the phrase is Poe's) chiefly in three terms. These terms were drawn from the psychological theory of the day, and in their simplest enumeration are these: *heart*, *mind*, and *soul*. Each term had a number of synonyms in common use. *Heart* was sometimes called *pathos*, or *ethical sense*, or *human sympathy*. *Mind* was called *intellect*, or *idea*. *Soul* was called, sometimes, *imagination*, and sometimes *taste*.

The important fact about these terms is this: traditionally, literature was expected to show evidence of all three of these elements: heart mind, and soul—the good, the true, the beautiful.

Poe did not hold with this traditional view. He maintained that poetry was properly concerned only with "the Beautiful." As he said in his most important critical essay, "Intellect concerns itself with truth....Taste informs us of the Beautiful, while the Moral Sense is regardful of Duty." He is concerned with neither moral sense (heart) nor with intellect (mind), taste (imagination, the aesthetic sense). Here is another statements by Poe, from the same essay : "Poetry...[is] the Human aspiration for Supernal Beauty" which is manifested in "an elevating excitement of the Soul" independent of passion of the heart, and independent of truth which is satisfying to the reason. He argues, in other words, for what we call purely aesthetic poetry, a *poesie pur* of all but imaginative aesthetic beauty.

So much for Poe's central doctrine. It has a number of corollaries, which are perhaps better known than the major proposition. For instance, as the "sole arbiter" of poetry is taste, and not the idea or moral doctrines which a poem may exemplify or state, a poem can be judged only by its appeal to taste. As Poe said, "a poem deserves its title only in as much as it *excites*...." In other words, a poem has no existence outside the "excitement" it rouses in the reader's or hearer's mind. Another corollary : in as much as one cannot remain in a constant state of aesthetic excitement, there cannot be such a thing as a long poem. Poe states flatly, "The effect of even the best epics is a nullity." He is the most untraditional of critics, and concludes that the epic, a primitive form, is based on an "imperfect sense of Art." This is an extraordinary doctrine; it is hardly too much to call it anti-humanistic; certainly a modern idea of progress and improvement in the arts underlies it.

Another corollary of Poe's central doctrine is this: as poetry can appeal only to the taste, and cannot be moral, it cannot teach. Poe speaks in fact of "the heresy of the didactic". Actually, throughout the greater part of history, poetry has been didactic; it has in many periods been *primarily* didactic. In calling "the didactic" a heresy, Poe is merely an unscrupulous propagandist, accusing his opposition of the crime which he himself is committing. He was the heretic.

But the successful heretic, the successful rebel, becomes the hero of a new orthodoxy, and so it was with Poe. His doctrine of aestheticism, of a poetry of taste alone, has become the dominant dogma of modern critics and poets. He effected a revolution in poetry, a secret revolution so far as his own literature was concerned until the present century.

From even so quick a sketch of Poe's theory, we can see that his poetry should be a rather special sort, organized purely in terms of "taste," or aesthetic effect, and without significant narrative (since the poem cannot be long), ideas, or moral tone. Poe aimed at what we have come to call pure poetry (or at what we may call an "abstract" art—an art made up of a few elements "abstracted" from the normal or traditional complement (of elements) employed in the art.

We might guess that a pure poetry could hardly deal with the normal external world of people, ideas, and moral beliefs, and we should be right. What could Poe deal with? Briefly, — with states of mind, conditions of consciousness, emotional states outside the normal daylight experience of the human being. He could deal best with the semi-conscious or subliminal, the sort of world we commonly call the dream world. It is a world hard to describe, but it has been a very popular one in our century by reason of our mistrust of external reality and our unbelief in objective truth. Poe writes of it in a poem called "*Dream-Land*', that

> ......*the traveller, travelling through it*
>
> *May not—dare not openly view it*;

Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed......

At this point it may be best simply to look at a poem by Poe. We should choose, perhaps, from the less-known poems and those not irreparably cast for us in the mould of classroom elocution pieces.

The Valley of Unrest.

Once it smiled a quiet dell
Where the people did not dwell :
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless—
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides !
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave.

They wave :—from out their fragrant tops

Eternal dews come down in drops.

They weep :—from off their delicate stems

Perennial tears descend in gems.

A beautiful poem, much revised by Poe before it achieved its present state of literal meaninglessness. In its first form he pretended he was representing something literal in the Valley, by calling the poem "*The Valley Nis,*" *nis* being apparently an anogram of *sin*. In the present poem we do not have even a concealed particular meaning, in this scene of stars in "azure towers," of "red" sunlight, palpitating tree, weeping lilies, and "rustling" clouds with no wind. Perhaps we can say of such a poem that it presents a landscape of dream, representing somehow love, death, and regret; we can hardly say more that makes much sense, unless we wish to treat it as a modern psychologist might, as a set of symbols to be interpreted and conjured with. But Poe is dead, and beyond the curative reaches of our psychologists. What he has left us in such a poem is a recorded adventure of a hypersensitive human consciousness, a consciousness not concerned with objective truth and morality but with the acuteness of its own sensations. It is "true" in its honesty of representation, but it states no "truth."

Metrically, the poem is both simple and irregular, in seven-syllable couplets which occasionally become triplets, with several lines incorporating extra syllables. The rhymes are imperfect: wars/stars, driven/Heaven/even. The diction, line by line is conventional to the point of banality.

Here is the beginning of another such visionary poem, "*To Helen*". (Poe wrote two poems of this title, of which this is the less-known):

I saw thee once—once only, years ago :

I must not say how many—but not many.

I was a July midnight ; and from out

A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul soaring,

Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery-veil silken of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.

So the poem proceeds, through a description of a past love in a strange setting. It is written in blank verse, but not quite traditional blank verse; indeed, in such a passage as that above, we can see the beginnings of the modern breakdown of traditional blank verse. The remarkable thing about the verse paragraph above is that almost every line has a feminine (two-syllable) ending, which gives it a very peculiar movement. (Feminine endings are only occasionally admitted at most, by the traditional poets in the form.) There are several other examples of poetic malpractice in the poem, if we judge it by traditional standards. Italics are used in the place of natural emphasis, dashes appear throughout. and vague ejaculations (Oh, Heaven!—oh, God!, How my heart beats...) are employed. Like "*The Valley of Unrest*" this poem is a peculiar description of a night scene, perhaps a dream vision, with the same air about it of nostalgia, love, regret—feelings that are vague yet keen to the verge of despair. The language is extraordinarily evocative, however—trite it may seem when considered word by word.

"I *know,*" Poe wrote once, "that indefiniteness is an element of the true music [of poetry]—I mean of the true musical expression...a suggestive indefiniteness of meaning with a view

of bringing about a definiteness of vague and therefore spiritual *effect.*"

We have certainly, in the poems quoted above, "a suggestive indefiniteness of meaning," and the sympathetic reader may also agree that there is "a difiniteness of *effect.*" Poe's theory of a pure aesthetic poetry, non-mental and non-moral, squares fairly well with his practice. Poe's theories are of considerable importance, if we remember that he was also an artist of hoaxes and that some of his critical essays, notably the famous "The Philosophy of Composition" in which he pretends to describe the writing of "*The Raven,*" are certainly hoaxes.

Poe had invented the major kind of modern poetry, and had provided a theory for it; he had only neglected to give his practice and his theory a name. His followers provided the name, and the major school of modern poetry was soon in existence.

It has frequently been observed that Poe had no American followers, or at least none of significance. This has made him seem to many a merely exotic bloom in our literature, with neither roots nor fruit. We have at least suggested that he did have roots. Poe's followers—and there were many—were not American but French; the fruit of his twenty years' work was Symbolist poetry. Poe invented the theory and practice of symbolism, the most characteristic school of modern poetry, and only neglected to give it its name. The name did not appear until the theory had become a new orthodoxy, and the poetry a school of poetry.

As early as 1847, two years before Poe's death, Charles Baudelaire was reading his work in France and experiencing "a strange commotion." Within the next decade, Baudelaire translated many of Poe's stories and "prose poems" as "Les Histoires Extraordinaires d' Edgar Poe," and the American poet became famous in Europe.

We need not trace in detail Poe's influence on the French ; it was great and pervasive. Poe became the spiri-

tual patron, almost the patron saint, not only of Baudelaire, but of the school symbolists who followed : Verlaine, Mallarme (the best-known theorist of symbolism), Rimbaud, Villier de l' Isle-Adam, and Huysmans. Their modern successor Valery admired Poe as much as they.

The doctrines of the French symbolist school have been variously stated ; they are mainly re-statements of Poe's doctrines. A manifesto in the *Figaro* of 1886, by a group of symbolists, announced a mode of literature in which words were to be used to suggest states of mind rather than to represent an objective or intellectual content. The new literature, the new poetry, was a poetry of suggestion rather than statement, it was connotative rather than denotative ; it was amoral and unintellectual. It was, in a modern phrase, poetry separated from belief. It was typical modern poetry.

At the start of the twentieth century, the French school had sufficiently solidified that it could be treated historically by an English author. Arthur Symons wrote a sympathetic account, *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*—a book of considerable historical importance.

By way of this book, Poe's influence came to be felt once more in America. A young Harvard poet, T. S. Eliot, found Symons' book, in the year 1908, and it set him to reading—and imitating–the French successors of Baudelaire, notably LaForgue and Corbiere. Symons said little of Poe, and T. S. Eliot has not publicly recognized even to the present day how closely he and his congeners in modern poetry are related to their American fore-runner. Poe may not be exactly the father of modern poetry, but he is certainly one of the grand fathers–one of its earliest revolutionary figures. The similarities between Eliot and Poe are great, in both poetry and criticism, though they have been generally unremarked. Eliot's Poe-like hoax, that he is a "classicist" rather than an extreme romantic in the French symbolist manner, has provided one reason why Poe has not often been recognized as Eliot's own poetical ancestor.

SATAN, THE HERO OF PARDISE LOST

Kamal Mohammad Habib

Were we capable of feeling the husks off from the characters which could not but impress us, and if we were in a position to tear the veils which the passage of time has putupon our understanding, perhaps the characters of Satan, in *Pradise Lost*, of Premetheus in *Premetheus Vinctos*, and Cleopatra in *Antony and Cleopatra* would not have offered themselves as a challenge to our appreciation and understanding. But, however we might try, we can only approximate, we cannot pass a judgment. It is a tribute to the plasticity of the imagination of a great artist that his work should be susceptible to interpretations on several levels, and, to be sure, Milton in one of them.

When one of the five greatest tragedians of the world, the pious and orthodox Aeschylus, exhibited the supreme ruler of the universe — whom he elsewhere approaches with such reverence, hardly daring to utter his name—in the character of an arbitray and vindictive tyrant, we are surprised. For such indeed is the impression produced by the conduct of Zeus, the young sovereign of heaven. True, the play represents a stage in the 'higher criticism' of pagan antiquity : Aeschylus sought, perhaps, to teach the truth that the religion of fear comes before the religion of love, and that the reign of wisdom and goodness is preceded by the reign of power. And yet even then we are not satisfied; we seek our answer in the speculation that it represents the plastic state of Hellenic theology, and that it lent itself easily to the moulding influence of every fresh thinker.

And yet, surprisingly enough by the Romantic critics and even later, Milton's presentation of Satan in *Paradise Lost*

has been compared to the Promethean rebel—a rebel who refuses to yield when at odds against the Rule Omnipotent. To the Romantic imagination, Prometheus symbolised revolt against the supreme power which the Romantic poets equated with the conventional Morality. Thus Shelley, in his Preface to *Prometheus Unbound*, calls Prometheus, a more poetical character than Satan, because, in addition to courage and majesty and firm and patient opposition to omnipotent force, he is susceptible of being described as exempt from the taints of ambition, envy, revenge, and a desire for personal aggrandisement, which in the Hero of *Paradise Lost*, interfere with the interest. The character of Satan engenders in the mind a pernicious casuistry which leads us to weigh his faults with his wrongs, and to excuse the former because the latter exceed all measure. Such, then, was the approach of Shelley to Satan, and Blake's statement that 'Milton was of the Devil's party without knowing it' somehow brings into sharp relief the exclusionist tendency among the Romantics in general, who, in Satan, saw, even when alive to his 'faults', the archetype of a revolutionary hero who was courageous enough to revolt against the cosmic order. When both Dr. Johnson and Addison discussed '*Paradise Lost* they concerned themselves more with the style of the epic and how far it conformed to the standards laid down by Homer and Virgil. But the Romantics took a different view : to their individualism the character of Satan presented something that coincided with their own feeling against the exhisting order ; just as they aesthesised the ideals of the French Revolution in the quintessence of their poetry : they also emphasised the character of Satan. To them Satan represented a model of courage and tenacity, one who would never submit or yield, and what else is not to be overcome. It is obvious that such an appreciation can never have any claims to objectivity. When Coleridge called Lear one 'who was more sinned against than sinning', he obviously moved in an altogether different direction. In emphasising the travails undergone by Lear through the

ingratitude of his daughters, he under-emphasised the wild rages of the King. Obviously an approach of this kind is bound to lead to aberrations.

A comparion of *Paradise Lost* with the ancient epics is inevitable, since the very poetic texture of *Pradise Lost* derives its origin from the style and requirements laid down by the classical epics. *Paradise Lost* poses certain problems. The composition of the *barbaire* is based upon material which is symbolic of the growth of the Greeks as a nation in the twilight of "barbarie ages. Furthermore, both the *Illiad* and the *Odyssey* had for their basis legends which, though in the outline more or less compact, could be varied in terms of dialogues and motivations. The Greek tragedies offer a case in point. Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripedes have written plays on the same theme. Both Aeschylus and Sophocles have dramatised the Theban legend. The story is similar in outline : but the characters have been treated differently. The reason is not difficult to guess. The Greek audience knew the story. The duty of the dramatist was to addnuances here and there, to bring about the denouement in whatever manner be thought as registering improvement over the previous presentation. In *orestia* of Aeschylus *Electra* is a subsidiary character; in Sophocles'*E lectra*, she is the central figure.

Thus while Homer yoked heterogeneous material into one harmonious whole, and presented an epic unsurpassed through the whole gamut of world literature, the literary epic offered several difficulties. For one thing, there was the widening gulf between material and theme. In the epics of Homer both the theme and the material were interwoven intimately in the texture of thin poetry; we are not concerned with any abstract theme. However he tells of love, of Achille's bravery, his love for Patrochelus, of Ajax's madness, all the time delighting in the chivalry of the Greeks, their simple joys and sorrows ; of Ulysses, adventurous travels, his ultimate arrival at Ithaca, and remain with Penelope, and Telemachus. In the

'*Aeneid*; on the other hand, there is a hiatus between the theme and the material. Virgil's epic presents, on the surface, one abstract theme ; the glory of the Italian past and the Italian destiny. On another level, however, it also represents, to quote Professor C. S. Lewis, a transition in the world order, the shift of civilisation from the East to the West, transformation of the little remnant, the "reliquias" of the old into the gums of the new.' Lastly, there is the more positively religious and ethical ideas : he has to keep tryst with his own destiny and with the destiny of the city out of which a empire would spring. In keeping himself on the path shown him by Providence, he would overcome all impediments, particulary his love for Dido and the opposition of Turnus.

When we come to Milton, we find him undertaking a very arduous task. The myth is there, and one on which the fabric of Christianity is based. Obviously an arbitrary treatment is not possible. Furthermore, divine personages cannot be shaped into wholly concrete characters like Homer's or Virgil's. In both Homer and Virgil there are supernatural characters who preside over the destinies of the characters in epics. Milton naturally has to discard the supernatural machinery for affecting the course of the action, as his epic soars from the temporal to the cosmic order, and, though in the end, it moves from the cosmic to the demestic, the fall of Man is brought about in the Garden of Eden. If Milton had undertaken an arbitary myth, the gulf possibly would not have been so great. But he gave up the idea of treating the Arthurian lenged in an epic form, since his ambition would not rest contentedly in the narration of a myth, the validity of which he had begun to question. His subject, then, is the most ambitious ever undertaken by the poet : the fall of man.

The basic literary source of *Paradise Lost*—the Genesis—leaves very little leeway for Milton to exercise his poetic gift. The dramatic personae of the epic are God, Christ, Raphael, Satan and fallen angels, and two mortal beings who

have had no experience at all. The scanty Biblical narration has been expanded by Milton into twelve books, and within this canvas, which he has broadened, he has provided universal significance to the basic myth of Adam and Eve, of their tragedy and their regeneration.

If Milton has allowed himself a large license, it is largely because he had filled this canvas. In 'Christian Doctrine' only a few lines are devoted to Satan and only a few more to the revolt of the fallen angles and the war in heaven. In '*Paradise Lost*', on the other hand, Satan's is the colossal figures who bestirdes our path. The first book opens with justification of the theme in the traditional manner of the epics :

> *Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,*
> *Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause*
> *Moved our grandparents in that happy state,*
> *Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off*
> *From their Creator, and transgress his will,*
> *For me restraint, lords of the world besides ?*
> *Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ?*
> *Th' infernal serpent; he it was whose vile,*
> *Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived*
> *The mother of mankind, what time his pride*
> *Had cast him out from Heaven...*

and later takes us into the midst of things, again in the manner of an epic. Heaven and Earth had not been created by this time, and Satan for his disobedience towards God had been cast by God in to the Chaos. Here Satan awakens all his legions and presses upon them the necessity of arranging themselves against God Almighty, whatever the cost :

> *'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,*
> *Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat*
> *That we must change Heaven?—this mournful gloom*
> *For that celestial light?...*

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of a Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free......in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven!

It is the force behind the dialogue of Satan in the earlier part of *Paradise Lost* and has led several crities to offer the exegesis of *Paradise Lost* in terms of Satan's personality. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in comparing Macbeth with Satan, was surprised that so many critics upheld that Satan somehow came to represent the inner consciousness and the vitality of Milton, and that, in the final analysis, it is not Adam, but he who energes as the heroic figure in *Paradise Lost.*

The English Renaissance (1510-1688) Professor de Sola Pinto writes: "In Milton's hands the primitive Hebrew myth is transformed into a symbol of the consciousness of his own age. The tremendous figures of Satan (who does not even appear in Genesis) comes to represent in *Paradise Lost* the untamed and passionate will of the individual against a God who is no longer the personal deity of the Hebrews but the Abstract Reason or First Cause of Philosophy"......"It is," as Professor L. Abercrombie has written, "in the figure of Satan that the imperisbable figure of "*Paradise Lost*" is centred". All the indomitable heroism of the Puritan armies finds an expression in his defiance!"

What though the fields be lost

All is not lost.

......But it is more than the tragedy of Milton and his friends that is expressed in *Paradise Lost.* It is the tragedy of the modern world, the conflict of the individual will against the determinations of an inexorable fate. Milton expressed that conflict, but the nature of the mythology to which he was

bound prevented him from resolving it, at any rate, on a poetic plane though he attempted to do on the plane of argument by means of the eloborate pantheistic system of his Latin *De Doctrina Christiana.* Blake's words remain the profoundest comments on the antinomy that troubles every thoughtful reader of *Paradise Lost,* however much he admires the splendour of his art: "The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of angels and God and at a liberty when of devils and Hell is because he was a true poet and of the Devil's party without knowing it."

Professor Douglas Bush, from whose book 'Paradise Lost in Our Time', the above extract is taken, points out that in reading such criticism, one can detect vestiges of Romantic criticism. But even then, other critics like Saurat and Sir Walter Raleigh (the latter calls *Paradise Lost* a 'monument to dead ideas) have emphasised the same point: namely, that since God represents Law, and consequently oppression, and Satan is being of such magnificent vitality', Milton, in spite of his consciously different purpose, has put all his vitality into Satan. Ruskin, too, felt unhappy about the heroic dimensions imparted to Satan.

The strands of thoughts in this direction have run continuously since the early 19th century. Professor Tillyard answers this by pointing out that 'the character of Satan expresses, as no other character or act or feature of the poem does, something in which Milton believed very strongly—heroic energy. Not that this quality is confined to Satan; how could it be, when it is the very essence of Milton's nature? Again, while in *Paradise Lost* Milton's rhetorical power is immense, it is necessary for the very purpose of the epic: Satan has to exercise his power of persuation over Eve in order to win her from the path of innocence. Moreover, Milton, when he discards his heightened and ornate style of *Paradise Lost* in favour of the bare and austere style of *Paradise Ragained* Satan leaves the impression of a much tame figure. The question, then, whether Satan has any pretentions to his claim as the hero of *Paradise Lost* can be discussed from several

angles. Professor Bush, comparing *Paradise Lost* and the *Aneneid*, points out that just as Satan over shadows Adam and Eve in *Paradise Lost*, the figure which looms large in the first books of the *Aeneid* is that of Dido. Just as Milton had consciously, as a Christian, no intention of allotting heroic characteristics to Satan, Virgil, the arch representative of Latin poetry, the patriotic Roman, the worshipper of Roman achievement and of the Roman empire, has made Dido very human. Penelope—like in her fidelity towards her husband long dead and faithful enough to Aeneas refuses to survive him; and as a consequence, the character of Aeneas is pallid in comparision to Dido's. There, seems to be a discord between the poet's intimation and the result. Satan brings, through the perversion of his free will, 'death into the world and all our woe', while Dido constitutes an impediment in the way of Aeneas, whose ultimate duty is to found the city of Rome. Just as the dialogues of Satan impress us enoromously, so does the curse thrown by Dido before she commits suicide, upon Aeneas after he has sailed for Latium:

'Rise from my ashes, scourge of crime,
Born to pursue the Dardan horde,
Today, tomorrow, through all times
Oft as our hands can wield the sword
Fight shore to shore, fight sea to sea,
Fight all that are or ever shall be.

The probable explanation for these powerful lines in the *Aeneid* is that Vrigil's purpose was to symbolise the conflict between Rome and Carthage through the legend of Dido. It is not that Vrigil respected Carthage for having fought Rome so courageously under Hannibal or even if she do so, it is of little account. To him Carthage meant for less than Evil so personified in Satan against God, to Milton whose command to Adam was not to diverge from the path of right Reason. And just as the Romantics ran with their imagination, and found in Satan a veritable Prometheus and an attractive character, so did

Marlowe in his '*Dido, the Queen of Carthage*' portrays Aneeas as the villain of the piece, and rejected his excuse that he had to depart for Rome at the behest of Jupiter. 'The fact is.' Professor Bush saye "that we have moved away from the old assumptions of doctrines of religious, ethical, social, and cosmic order and right reason......We have more sympathy with virtue which is always exciting than with virtue, which is always sung".

Now there are several reasons which give rise to such fallacies. The first and foremost is perhaps the construction of the epic. Since the epic begins in middle us we are in the thick of the plot. If '*Paradise Lost*'' had been opened with a scene in the Garden of Eden, or with God and Christ, the efficacy of presentation would have been considerably weanened. Milton's primary purpose was to demonstrate the evil ends to which Satan is aspiring. He has single-mindedness; but to what end is it directed? In the case of the tragic heroes of the type of Macbeth or Dr. Fautus we certainly get an analogous type but with a fundamental difference. They are all motivated from without, and Nemesis overtakes them because they are mortal. But Satan and his host are immortal. They are tenacious, courageous, persuasive, and cunning because so evil is with us, and ever shall be; they are impossible to destroy, just as it is impossible to root out evil totally. Just as Satan was suppressed, so can evil be.

Professor C. S. Lewis calls the revolt on the part of Satan as a rolling farce: 'From hero to general, from politician to secret service agent, and thence to a thing that peeps in at bedroom or bathroom windows, and thence to a toad, and finally to a snake—such is the progress of Satan.' Professor Lewis further suggests with acumen that it is easier to create a bad character than a good one: for a good character demands certain abstract qualities, and in God and Christ these abstract qualities, if interwoen within the texture of the poem, are bound to be more colourless in comparison with Satan's who is free to blazon his power of persuation and of rhetorics.

It is a tribute to the remarkable artistry of Milton that he regulates Milton's dialogue to the exigency of the situation. The fiery rhetorics of the earlier Satan are replaced by a cringing tone when he appears before Eve who is alone, and tries to persuade her to eat of the Fruit of the Tree of knowledge:

'Wander not, sovran mistress (if perhaps
Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less arm
Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared
Thy awful bow more awful than retired...
Fairest semblance of thy Maker fair,
The all things gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,
With ravishment beheld—there best beheld
Where universally admired.!

We still get the effect of the rhetorics; but they are turned to a different purpose. The fire of the earlier speeches of Satan is missing; instead, as in all adulatory speeches, the effect is marcotic-like. It is only in the hands of artists like Milton and Shakespeare that the direction of the action, imagery, dialogue, and exposition are brought into harmony. Marlowe's Tamburlaine keeps on throwing the pellets of rhetorics on the ear of his spectators, whatever the situation. Shelley's characters will retain their lyrical flight all the time: they do not become the warp and woof of the plot. Satan knows that in order to succeed, he must adopt an adolatory attitude: he who rebels against God can stoop low enough to call, like a courtier, Eve 'Sovran mistress'. The Creator against whom he pitted all his force, to whom he would never submit or yield, now becomes the 'Maker fair' of Eve. It is obvious that Blake, Shelley, and the whole host of the Romantics and their successors based their appraisal of Satan on the first books of

Paradise Lost. Milton has given us the cue. If we refuse to accept it, it is our fault. How is it that, in a drama, we determine whether a character is good or evil? The dramatist can not obtrude and provide a full exposition. He leaves us to judge the characters through their actions, their soliloquies and asides if any, through what others say about them, and the catastrophe, Edmund in *King Lear* confesses his evil purpose when he soliloquises: 'Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land' Of Edgar, his natural brother, he says:

A brother noble,

Whose nature is so far from doing harm

That he suspects none.

This is a confession, pure and simple, of his designs on his unspecting brother. That Milton makes Satan follow the path chalked out by Edmund—or indeed by Clytemnestra much before—is flashed forth fully before us in his soliloquy uttered later on his way to Heaven—a soliloquny written for the projected play, *Adam Unparadised*—in which Satan 'condemms himself with a thoroughness which God even could hardly amplify:

...All good to me becomes

Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state

But neither her seek I, no, nor in Heaven,

To dwell unless by mast'ring Heaven supreme;

Nor hope to be myself less miserable

By what I seek, but others to make such

As I, though thereby worse to me rebound.

For only in destroying I find ease

To my relentless thoughts...

Surely one who finds delight in destinction for its own sake hardly compels comparison with Prometheus on any plane; or indeed to any rebel through the whole gamut of literature.

Selfishness for some particular end one could imagine, but this diabolical delight in bringing about terpidation and consequent disgrace upon Adam and Eve is a Satanic peroragative. This is another characteristic of evil, besides tenacity, which Milton has incorporated into the character Satan.

Milton, then, does not leave any loophole in his characterisation of Satan for his wholly evil traits are, even whatever good might superficially appear to us, directed towards evil purposes. That is another angle from which any illusions we might have of Satan's heroic qualities can be discounted—through the element of irony. And irony is one of the qualities Milton gives to God the Father himself. When near the beginning of the third book the Father looks down and sees Satan 'coasting the wall of Heaven' and about to penetrate the Universe, He addresses the son as follows:

> *'Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage*
> *Transports our adversary, whom no bounds*
> *Prescrib'd, nor bars of Hell, nor all the chains,*
> *Heapt on him there, nor yet the main abyss*
> *Wide interrupt can hold:*

It might be questioned as to how Satan raised himself up from the chaos. and consequently the irony in the above passage is antimorial. But, as Dr. Tillyard points out, this is exactly where the effect of irony lies—for Satan believes that it was he who freed himself from the burning lake, where as it is God to whom he owes his freedom. This irony is also central to the epic. Satan believes that by tempting mankind he will bring about its downful jus t as his downfall was brought about through intransigence. But his calculation is wrong; mankind will be redeemed by a 'Greater Man' because it was motivated from without, *i. e.*, through an external agency (in this case Satan), while he himself is motivated from with in : it is his free-will which is distorted. For him there is no redemption.

We have so far illustrated the direct methods employed by Milton, and, though these alone should be enough to topple Satan from the pedestal he occupies in many a mind. Milton has provided instances, which are mainly dramatic, which argue or reflect the final act of Satan—temptation. This Milton brings about by sudden shifts in his masterly handling of imagery.

'On the other side,

Incensed with indignation, Satan stood

Unified, and like a comet burned

That fires the length of orphiuchus huge

In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair

Shake pestilence and war!

In this marvellous combination of images the whole character of Satan is revealed—'incensed' is taken in the literal and material sense, set on fire; 'comet' indirectly explains to us the size and Satan and impresses upon us its emormity. That he stands unterrified is again expressed through an image, while just as a comet is a sign of impending calamity so does orphineus meaning holder of serpents — testifying to his future role — signifies the act of temptation on his part. Satan is as sociated with the quarters of the North, for which reason Milton puts orphiusus in the arctic sky. It will be perhaps superfluous to add that nothing so artistic has even been done with English language ever afterwards. Furthermore, the concreteness of Satan's character is not in the main conveyed to us through direct description as in Dante's *Divinia comedia,* but through images which provide us with vague ideas regarding both his character and his appearance. To quote another instance.

'Air, vernal airs,

Breathing the swell of field and grave, all one,

The tremßing leaves, while universal Pan,

Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Let on th' enternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserprine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered-which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world'......

'Attune the tembling leaves has been discussed by Beatly and Empson across the bridge of two hundred years. But, apart from the intrinsic merit of the image, as such we are concerned with the dramatic effect of the whole passage, If there is an epic drama, without being a drama proper in external form *Paradise Lost* is one. 'Air, vernal Air, air 'emphasises the spring and its fresh breath of air, while he 'trembling leaves' in keeping with the simile below, in an extended sense, might be said to typify the impending calamity ; Grees-Christian grace—and Hours symbolising Time are in a whiling motion. Finally we come to the crowining simple. Proseipina, herself as innocent as Eve among flowers was carried away to Hades, just Eve was blissfully unawan of the impending calamity when in an 'evil bom's she culls the fruit from the tree of Know-ledge at the instigation of Satan, and just as Ceres, the goddess of corn, searched for Proserpine, similarly will suffering be brought upon mankind :

'The sexes spurng from shame and pride,
Blow'd in the morn, in evening died ;
But Mucy chang'd death into sleep :
The sexes rose to work and weep.'

Paradise Lost than, time and again predicates dramatic situations. We are chiefly concerned with Satan, but passing reference to Adam and Eve is not out of the place. In terms of the epic structure Adam is the protoganist, Satan the antognist (this alone should exclude him from any claim, towards heroism), while both God and Chirst are equivalent to

the supernatural powers of the ancient epics. Sir Maurice Bowra believes that in a Christian epic, and in Milton's view particularly, temporal glory and hence war are not of any moment ; his concern is with the destiny of man. Consequently instead of the battles dialogues and rhetorics serve the purpose of furthering the action. Even so Milton has adhered to the orthodo epic pattern. Just as in the 'Odyssey' Ulysses returns from Troy after a long hazardous journey home, so does the course of *Paradise Lost* meander from the cosmic to the domestic Satan is Circe 'Penelope's suitor, the one-eyed giant–all combined, something that constitutes a clog in the destiny of Adam and Eve, and hence of mankind.

In the decision which Adam has to make between his love for God and his immoderate affection for Eve, he is faced with that division in the ethical substance which characterises the Greek tragedy. But in *Paradise Lost* there is not only reconciliation—indeed the reconciliation of the 'Eumnenides' is left for behind—but regeneration as well, which we find in the XIth and XIIth Books. Satan, no doubt, has been successful, but a glorious future for mankind is predicated by Archangel Raphael. This also should be regarded as the acme of the Ranaissance humanism. For Milton there was always the possibility of redemption, the door of God's mercy is never shut in our face, as in the classical and Hebrew literature. Surely this attitude of love before fear is worthy of one of the greatest of poets.

LITERATURE AND PROPAGANDA

Anwar Siddiqi

As I am going to express my opinion on the controversial subject of literature and propaganda, I am reminded of a line from the poem of a progressive Urdu poet (fortunately a friend of mine) who once very emphatically said:

Snatch the pen from my hand

And give me a rifle instead. [1]

This putting away of the pen and holding up the rifle, in my opinion, is the reason for this controversy in modern times. We need not rush to the nature of the controversy at once. We should define propaganda first, and its relation to literature. Harvey's Companion to English Literature gives an accurate definition and states the historical factort hat nececiated its origins. It says:

> "The congregation de propaganda file, a committee of Roman Catholic church having the care of foreign missions, founded in 1622 by Pope Gragory XVI. Hence any association, scheme or concerted movement for the propagation of a doctrine or a practice".

This definition clearly shows that the word had its origin in the proselytizing zeal of the religious missionaries, and, therefore, implies a persuasion of some faith or an idealogy. If we accept this meaning of the word, we shall have to dub all those writers as mere propagandists who have a view or a theory of life to communicate to the world. In 1937 there arose a con-

1—Heine in Germany said nearly the same thing with a special sanctity. "I am the Soldier of Divinity".

troversy in New York about the distinction between propaganda and literature at Montgomery Belgion's remark that every artist is an "irresponsible propagandist". Mr. T. S. Eliot (who is amusingly called the Stafford Cripps of English literature) was furious at the word "irresponsible" and favoured the epithet "responsible propagandist". In his opinion every writer has a purpose, but a purpose with a true creative writer does not remain a sordid system of philosophy but assumes a filmy garb of emotional images and this,divested of all its sectarian associations, welds into the world of universal interest. Hence readers react to it fully without any sense of intrusion from the part of the artist. In my opinion it all depends on the creaturty of the artist to make his writings either prop aganda or literature.

From the days of Horace downwards *'Dulce and Utile'* have been the recognized aims of literature. The whole literary polemics revolves round these two simple but meaningful words. The utility of literature should not be confused with the Benthemite utilitarianism. The utlity of art does not lie in its hasty and flamboyaunt incitation to action. It is the privileg e of the demogogues; and a true literary artist is not an agitator, he can never be, if he is sincerely attached to his vocation. Every good art is the expression of the visions of reality, and not a drab and dull transcript or photograph of life. It always gives an imaginative version of reality. Race, Milieu and Moment undoubtedly contribute to the growth of the artist's vision of life, but what he creates is not the exclusive product of a dialectical and antithetical cycle of determinism. Sartare the unreasonably condemned Existentialist, was right when he demanded of the writer not to write simply for his own age. An imaginative version of reality is not escape from reality but an escape into reality. It is the vision of the artist that makes him transcend the limitations of time and place, and thus, his imaginative creations live in the souls of posterity.

I think that the controversy of art and propaganda can be traced back to the reaction against the later nineteenth century shibboleth of "Poesie Pure". This doctrine itself was the result

of the reaction agai nst the Rcmantic and Victcrian ccncept o the function of literature. In both these literary epochs poets and writers thought themselves the "legislators of mankind", and considered literature as the *means of instructions and* edification. Edgar Allen Poe dubbed this trend as the "didactic heresy". Hence the Symbolists and Parnassians, who were fed up with the arid didacticism, banished politics and other contemporary. problems of great importance to mankind, and politics banished them. They retreated into their own ivory towers, viewing the whirling multitudes of men on the metropolitan streets with a bitter scorn. Their sole purpose was now to create an Intellectual Beauty (what they called Idee). This aesthetic withdrawal from the world of grim realities into the cloudland of beauty, was idealized by the poets and writers of firs de' siecle group and found its best expression in des Esseintes, the hero of the Huysman's novel '*A Rebours*', who wishes to "ride himself, away from the world, in some retreat, where he might deaden the sound of the loud rumbling of the inflexible life as one covers the sheets with straw for sick people". The conclusion of such a view may be seen in Villier's *Axel*, in which life is nothing and imaginative experience is everything. "Live" ?, Cries Axel, "Our servants will do that for us" [2]. This isolation from life and recoiling into cells of pure aesthetic experience could not be tolerated for long. And the attitude which has been beautifully summed up by Mac Neice as "you to your corner and I to mine"[3], found a violent reaction in the writers who had adopted Marxist ideology and were conscious of the social significance of literature. As it has been with other reactions in human history this too was devoid of balance and equipoise. Consequently there was a great demand for social consciousness, realism and objectivity in literature. But these terms were used in a very restricted and ambiguous sense. Social consciousness meant the sense of the plight of the proletariat not the

2—Heritage of Symbolism.

3—The Modern Poetry C. M. Bowra.

consciousness of the evolution of human society through ages. Realism, itself was tied down to the Marxian dialectics. Objectivity meant impersonality. In this very narrowing of these terms can be discerned the signs of a blind reaction evincing no Catholic historical sense.

The introduction of these concepts marked an apparent change in the functions of literature. It was perhaps Dobrolinbar who said that the function of literature is to wage a "guerilla warfare" against the retreating bourgeoise forces. In 1932 the Central Committee of the Communist Party urged writers for the "creation of works of high artistic significance, saturated with the heroic struggle of the international proletariat, with the grandeur of the victory of socialists, and reflecting the great heroisms and idiodom of the Communist Party"[4]. This declaration explicity shows that literature was forced not only to be tendentious but agitational too. Mayakovsky exulted in asserting :

Yet I am utterly fed up with propaganda
Yes, I would have liked to strum love songs to you,
They bring in good money and they are delightful.
But I conquered myself and stamped
On the throat of my song.
So listen here, comrade posterity
Listen to an agitator, a wild bawling ranter
(*At the top of my Voice*)

Literature was now used as a vehicle of propagating not simply the ideals of a classless society but for the dissemination of the protean changes in the ideals and policies of the Communist Party.

It can be hardly denied that literature has been consciously or can consciously express some purpose or world-view. Lucretius Milton, Dante and other great writers of the world literature

4—Russian Literature. Richard Hore Page 230.

have presented their respective systems through the medium of literature. But their artistic creations can not be dubbed as "propaganda" though they have a certain cosmic vision to communicate to the world. What then, is the thing that distinguishes literature from being propaganda ? This is a crucial question and is often, deliberately or undeliberately, overlooked in the consideration of the problem. In my opinion marks of distinction are so many. Stylistically propaganda-literature is always crude and rugged. This crudity and ruggedness is not always, due to the writers incapability of literary embellishment; it is due mainly to the psychic state in which he is placed while engaged in the creative activity. The propaganda writer has a peculiar type of mind, which can only turn to writing under the pressure of an immediate occasion. The immediacy of the occasion demands of him to write in haste, without a proper sense of the architectionics. and a harmonious correlations of diverse thoughts and experiences. That is why the bulk of literature that is labelled as propaganda is full of catchwords and slogons—and this too much use of slogons and catchwords atonce, shows the absence of the creative vitality and the lack of a faculty which makes the artist world in a grain of sand. The psyche of the propaganda writer is much akin to that of the journalist who writes, not to express some comic vision but to attain certain ulterin motives *i e.* money-making, careerism etc." Such a state of mind can only help the writing of political pamphlets and religions tracts and not the creations of a "Paradise Lost", a "Divine Comedy" a de rerum nature and a the other thing that characterises the writings of this kind, is the predominance of "ephemeral" values. It does not take cognizance of the values that have been permanent and obscure, and common to all the sections of mankind. That is why the most of the propaganda literature has been destined to "eternal oblivion".[5] How many of us read today the

5—There can be exceptions like M. SHOLOKHOV'S novel "And Quiet Flows the Don", which was written under state directives to propagate its five year plan.

pamphlets of Defoe and Milton and the sermons of Donne and Newman. They are only read for reference is so far as they help us to understand the mind of their authors. On the other-hand we read Paradise Lost, Robinson Crusoe, and Apologia despite our rejection of the world view expressed therein. We turn to these books, again and again, because they contain something that is permanent and absolute in human nature, which touches the delicate chords of our heart. A propagandist, in his preoccupations with the immediate present forgets values in whose good the distinctions, between past, present and future are obliterated. Stephen Spender, completely fed up with the period and propaganda literature, during his visit to India, a few years back, stressed the need of what he called "long-term values" for the creations of a great and living literature. The assertion of such a need has become inevitable when the modern, world, and with it the modern literature is lacking in a healthy world-view and running after commercial ideals of life.[6] This deplorable lack of totality of vision is mainly responsible for the plethoric growth of a literature which, neglecting the high ideals of thought and diction, has degraded itself of thought and diction, has degraded itself to sheer journalism. Literature can never be a drab reportage of facts ; and it can never be a statement too. What it tries to give is not the fact, but to quote Walter Pater the "Sense of Fucx". Factual propaganda literature will never be allowed to enter the 'sanctum santorium' of a great and everlasting literature.

6—For such a view of modorn world literature and life I am indebted to the American Sociologist P. A. SOROKIN whose book "crisis of Our Age" fully and discerningly shows a similar Crisis in literature also.

INDIAN DANCE

M. C. Sharma

O! the beauteous One! Open thy heavenly gates,
And let martal eyes visualize Celestial forms.
Let the formless pulsate in rhythmic form,
And mind have its play in graceful lines.

Dancing is the loftiest of arts, because it is not a mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself. It is the medium through which loftiest human emotions find fullest expression. It is the meeting—point of universal and particular—unity and multiplicity. Parts of the universe dance as a whole and in quick tempo become one and realize their oneness through apparent Chaos. We, Indians, are proud of the fact that we had a lofty conception of dance and connected it with the highest kind of awareness. Dance thus has been a means to spiritual realization for us.

What is the Origin of dance ? We can not fix a date for its birth but it can be said with some confidence that dance is as old as human emotions. Primitive man must have observed the rhythm in nature, *e. g.*, the peococks dancing, and he must have learned the art of dancing instinctively. In India, when we open the pages of history, we do not find man merely trying to become a part of the cosmic rhythm; he had almost perfectly learned to be one with it. Ruins laid bare in Indus Valley tell this story of India's culture. Various figures of dancing girls are discovered at Mohenjodaro. One of these figures has been described "as a perfect piece of casting". Law of nature threw these people of Indus Valley into oblivion and new comers took their place. The new comers were the Aryans. They assimilated the sublime art of dancing from the people of Indus Valley.

In the times of Rama, prosperity was not supposed to come to the land where dancers and singers starved. It clearly shows that this art must have received enthusiastic patronage of the kings and people of that time. During the period of Mahabharat, we come across such wonderful personalities as Krishna and Arjuna. They were spiritual leaders and dancers of the first rank. Arjuna went to Indraloka to learn some special technique of dancing. Gandharvaloka or the mountaneous region of Afganistan was inhabited by professional dancers. From this account it is clear that dancing must have been held in high esteem in those days.

In *Jakakas* also, there are many episodes connected with dancing. It appears from a *jataka* story that "Hast Mudra", at that time, was understood by common people and used by them as "a deaf and dumb language". This indicates the development of some technique in this field. During this time we learn of a King.—Kalabu, who, inflamed with strong drink, went to the park with a troupe of dancing girls. These girls with their dances and music, lulled him to sleep. This episode sadly indicates that patrons of art had enslaved art and turned it to be a means of gross sensual enjoyments.

Maurya period offers a still more dim picture of the fate of dance. New religions and philosophic movements must have discouraged this art. Stern realist, Kautilya, the prime minister of Chandra Gupta made no distinction between a dancer and a prostitute. Dancers, at least in capitals, were placed under the rigorous control of the ubiquitous bureaucracy. From what one can learn from Kautilya, it would appear that dancing was an organized profession under state control.

By the time of hegemony of the imperial Guptas, the art of dancing must have developed fully because such monumental work as *Natya Shastra* was written during this period. In a play of Kalidasa *Malavikagnimitram*, Malavika, to please the King, dances, starting with a lyric of four lines and then expressing its "rasa" through her dance. We also find Madhvi, introducing dance with some religious song but Malavika's song was

erotic which shows that, though illustration of "rasa" through dance must have been Customary, these were not necessarily devotional dances.

During the time of Bana and onwards, modern and much despised conception of "Nautch Girls" comes to the forefront. We may here note the observations of Al—Beruni on the conditions of 'Deo-dasis' in the eleventh century. He writes, "People think with regard to harlotry that it is allowed with them. The fault, however, in this lies with the kings not with the nation. But for this, no Brahman or priest whould suffer in their idol temples the women who sing, dance and play. The kings make them an attraction for their cities, a bait of pleasure for their subjects, for no other but financial reasons." This was true in the big cities but in villages, the condition of "Deo-dasis" was far better and provision was made for them by the village community.

What-ever the social status the dancers in ancient India might have enjoyed, the fact remains that the art of dancing reached a high degree of perfection. Even the "Nautch girls", referred to by Bana and Al-Beruni, knew their techniques perfectly. The fact that the general public in ancient India was "dance-aware", is proved by certain passages in *Natya-shastra.* These passages refer to qualities of ideal spectators. It is admitted, however, that, "all these qualities are not known to exist in a single spectator." Regular auditoriums were run in ancient India and it is proved by the discovery of an auditorium in Ramgarh hills. This auditorium exactly corresponds to the description in *Natya-Shastra* regarding to what an anditorium ought to be. It also shows that dancing was not confined to courts alone.

Dancing in India has always been related to drama. Thus we see that works on dancing are works on drama as well. The root word "Nat" means both to dance and to act. The word "Abhinaya" at one time also signified dancing. A famous commentator defines "Abhinaya" "as movements to suggest *Rasa.*

It is very difficult to define 'Rasa' but in the words of Sree Aurabindo "For the Universal soul all things and all contacts of things carry in them an essense of delight, best described by the Sanskrit term "Rasa" which at once means "Sap" or essence of thing and its taste".

Dance is a creation of 'Rasa' through particular suggestions. Elaborate manuals were written afterwards giving directions as to how the appropriate suggestions could best be affected through suitable movements of the various part of the body. Most important of such manuals are *Natya Shastra* and *Abhinayadarpana.*

Authorship of *Natyashastra* is usually ascribed to Bharata Muni, but the claim is not unchallenged. It is suggested that 'Bharata' originally meant an 'actor' and *'Bharata Shastra'* or the manual of the actors came to be known as *'Natyashastra'*. The date of *Natyashasatra*, however, is not much disputed. It is generally believed that it was composed about 3rd century B. C. About *Abhinaya darpana*, though we know the name of its author, Nandikeshvera, it is difficult to fix a date of its writing. Both *Natyashastra* and *Abhinaya darpana* claim divine origin. The claim of *Natyashastra*, however, to be the fifth *veda* is peculiar. This work is much more comprehensive on the subject than any other and it has gained popularity and authenticity.

At present, most important schools of dancing in India are four in number; *Bharat Natyam, Kathakali, Kathak* and *Manipuri.* There are also the 'Gubra' of Gujrat, *'chow'* of seraikela, *santhal* dances of Santhals and other folk dance peculiar to almost every province.

Tamil Nad is now the home of *Bharat Natyam* school. It is so called either because it follows most closely the *Natyashastra* of Bharata than other Indian schools of dancing or because it constitutes all the three essential elements of dancing, *i. e., Bhava, Raga* and *Tala* and is consequently calleed Bha-Ra-Ta-Natyam. Bowers declares that *Bharat Natyam* "while being India's most brillient dance, is also the most Classic". All the

four elements of classical dance, namely Angika (gestures) Vachika (words)—Sattvika (representation of feelings) and Aharya (costumes) are used effectively in *Bharat Natyam.* Convention and usage have given a particular pattern to *Bharat Natyama,* to which most of the dancers adhere. This consists of Alarippo (invocation), jatiswara (introduction), Sabda (evocative dance pattern), Nratya (consisting of 'Nratt' or pure dance mingled with emotions), Pada (usually an episode string and a song like 'Krashna Ne Begne'. Abhinaya (emotions expressed through looks and gestures) Tillana (more lyrical and concluding dance pattern). It was held for a long time that *Bharat Natyam* was orginally meant for women only and was practised exclusively by them. Ram Gopal was the first man to perform this dance and now both men and women follow this school. In our days the most important and famous exponent of *Bharat Natyam* has been Minakshi Sunderam Pillai.

Kathakali is pantomimic dance drama of Kerala. A Zemorin of Kalikat is said to have once organized a particular dance called 'Krashnattem'. One of his neighbouring princes expressed a wish to see the dance and asked him for loan of his troupe of dancers. Zemorin insulted him by saying that nobody in the other's kingdom was capable of understanding *Krashnattam.* The retaliation of the insulted prince was indeed royal: he organized a rival dancing troupe and innovated a type of dancing known as *Ramnattam,* which was later transoformed into *Kathakali.* It was modified according to Shastras by the Raja of Kottarakara (1575—1650). Thus Kathakali retained the vigour of folk dance and gained the grace of classical art. Its chief theme is to act the phases of Rama's life according to shastras. The chief Rasa displayed in this dance is vir (heroic) with emphasis on Bhayanak (Terrific). It is considered to be unsuitable for women, their role being played by men themselves who wear elaborate masks or appear heavily painted.

Followers of *Kathak* School pay great attention to footwork which a competent critic calls "foot gymnastics". Movements of feet strictly follow the rhythmic accompaniment of

tabla. Because of their over-emphasis on technique, Kathaks are severely criticized for lack of emotional expression. Achchan Maharaj and Shambhu Maharaj are now-a-days regarded as the greatest exponents of this school.

The dance of Manipur influenced Rabindranath Tagore in 1917 and led to the revival of modern Bangali dancing. The real Manipuri dance depends exclusively on the Radha—Krishna songs of Medieval Bangal made popular by Sri Chaitanya,for the Manipuris belong to his sect which was once declared to be the state religion. Therefore the Manipuris dance in a circle or in a semi-circle, in imitation of Krishna's Rasa dance, known in Manipur as *Ras.* A. K. Majumdar writes, "it is a dance of lavish colour and ecstatic beauty with extremely decorative and expensive costumes. The glittering jewels, the flashing mirrors and scintillating mica sewn on the costumes inexorably attract the attention of the spectators from the very beginning."

A SLEEPLESS MOON-LIT NIGHT

S. M. Saeed

Roll, stroll and drag and drag along,
Drag you lone, aimless, wretched self!
Look, how she smiles—a soothing, open, silver smile—
Luna, your beauteous beloved, darling queen!
Look, how she darts her soft, mild balmy beams,
And showers a mysterious beauty ov'r the dreaming land;

Enamours and entraps the love-sick man,
Arrests his gaze till he's moon-struck,
And sometimes goes a full lunatic.

What're you thinking man ?—You are surely mad,
'To think is to be full of sorrow',
And nothing, nothing and nothing else.
Thinking of the 'dame sans merci'!
Oh, the infection of your sick brain and feverish fancy
Will spread and spoil this tranquil night,
The maiden-moon too, will catch the infection,
The hell within yourself may fling
Its scorching flames, high to that fantastic height,
And scorch and burn the face
Of that lovely, comely maiden and
A solace will be lost to you.

You're still thinking!—can't get rid
Of such painful, pinching trash ?
Well, come then to the yonder cafe, come
And drown these damn'd thoughts
In a cup of coffee, drown,
And blow them up.
In the smoke of cigarettes, blow !
You hate the haunt of men and crowds thronging round,
Yet go and sit near them,
In their busy, feverish, deathless life,
To feel, perhaps, the stir of life,
For you yourself have gone senseless, lifeless and dull
You have the feeling sharp and poignant more:
'We mortal millions live alone!'
—But the cafes hold no customers—so late !
And there's not ev'n this solace left.

Now come, walk and drag,
But court not the favours of the maddening moon;
Your unkind Love may be gazing at her—
She may reflect and may assume
Her form and looks so loved, so dear,
But things of awe in frightening, hopeless grim despair-
You will feel more wretched and disdain
Yourself, all the more for that !

Come drag, trudge and trudge and drag,
And tire yourself out to sleep.
Donot seek the company of friends,
Do not trouble the cosily retired ones

At this late, late, nocturnal hour;
The springs of love and joy in you are dried up,
And the fountains of friendliness,
Have stopp'd flowing now;
There can no longer be
The interflow of love and feelings warm,
The occasional gushes are only oases
In a vast, endless sandy desert.

Come, come, your affliction is immensely great,
Make friends with sleep. Sleep.

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY FROM 1920 TO 1930

Salamatullah Khan

The history of English poetry in the 1920s is the history of antithetical and hostile reactions of the sensitive English and American poets against the First World War. The earlier patriotism of Rupert Brook and Gibson gave way to a sense of bewilderment, irritation, indignation, even disgust and also to a keen awareness of undeserved privation, suffering and tragedy. The indignation felt during the war fostered a satiric and ironical mood (in poets like Siegfried Sassoon) with which they assesed the attitudes and values of contemporary England. The sense of suffering engendered (in poets like Wilfred Owen) the candid realisation of the futility of war in which the victor and the vanquished, after having irretrievably lost something most precious, go down in history to a perpetual oblivion.

There is a shade of differeace, however, between the strong indignation of the war poets and the blinding disillusionment of the post war years, of which the chief spokesman is Mr. T. S. Eliot. The war poets knew the futility of war; they did not know the futility of a whole civilization. They knew something of the values which were unacceptable to them and against which they revolted; they had not yet known the moral and spiritual desolation of the post-war years. This explains why the war poets wrote against something about which they were not quite clear in their minds. We know against what and against whom Mr. Eliot speaks in *The Wasteland* and *The Hollowmen*; we donot always know against whom the war poets speak.

This lack of direction is nowhere more prominent than in the poetry of Siegfried Sossoon, written during and after the

First World War. His earlier poetry has not unrecognizable affinities with Georgian poetry but his satires are too bitter and trenchant to be enjoyable. According to him there is someone responsible for the maddening massacres, the unbelievable suicides in trenches, and the pathetic nervous breakdowns of modern warfare. Perhaps the "cheery old" and blundering generals, perhaps the toddling "scarlet majors", perhaps the lustily cheering crowds, who send the brilliant young soldiers to their doom, are to blame; Sassoon is not quite sure. This lack of precise direction in his satires makes it ineffective, at times, meaningless and purile. That partly explains why the poems of his collected editions, *War Poems* (1919) and *Satirical Poems* (1925) donot find much place in anthologies of modern poetry; *Fabar Book of Modern Verse* excludes him altogether. Even his satires of the post war years, which have terse colloquial anecdotes and occasional epigramatic pungency, reminiscent of Lord Byron, donot find much favour.

It is difficult to talk of war poetry without mentioning Wilfred Owen, who is not, strictly speaking a poet of the 1920s He was killed in 1918, at the age of twenty five, and one remembers with regret, only a week before the armistice. I have included him in this survey for various reasons. Firstly his poetry came to be widely known and unquestionably admired only after the publication of the collected edition of his poems, *The poems of Owen* in 1920. Secondly while the predominant mood in Sassoon's major bulk of poetry is that of indignation, in Owen there is, a tacit, if not a firm acceptance of the inevitable situation. Even in his poems like *Dulce et Decorum,* where his tone is mildly rhetorical or in *Exposure*, where it is sadly descriptive, his irony is less unpalatable than that of Sassoon.

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires, glossed
With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;
For hours the innocent mice rejoice; the house is theirs;
Shuters and doors, all closed; on us the doors are closed;
We turn back to our dying.

These lines are too sad to be bitter. Thirdly no poet of this period is more keenly aware of the clossal waste and senseless futility of war than Owen. He speaks of England and "Her wall of boys on boys and dooms on dooms" with a sense of sorrow which comes very naturally to a poet who has a deep sympathy for his fellow human beings and an invincible faith in man. In the outline of the preface to his contemplated volume of poems, found among his papers after his death, he wrote ; "My Subject is war and the pity of war. The poetry is in the pity." This is best illustrated by his poem *Futility*, *Anthem For Doomed Youth* and *Strange Meeting*. In these poems there is a quiet contemplation tinged with grief and remorse, both strange and beautiful, which appeals to us, the Indian reader, traditionally pacifists, more than to western readers. I may recall to your memory those fascinating lines in *Strange Meeting* where this remorse finds its most imaginative and most poetical expression, the remorse for the undone years which both the killer and the killed were prevented from living and remorse for the eternal oblivion in which they must necessarily dwell after their death.

I am the enemy you killed, my friend.

*   *   *   *   *

Let us sleep now.

Lastly I have included Owen in this survey for the simple reason that the texture of poetry is richer and finer than the poetry of his contemporaries.

Another poet, who has painted some of the most living, though at times lurid, pictures of war, is Mr. now Sir Herbert Read. He was awarded military cross for his meritorious services as infantry officer in the First World War. Like most of the poets who have written about war, he has a first hand knowledge of the horrors of trench warfare. The collected edition of his war poems, *Naked Warriors* (1919) attracted considerable attention in the beginning but has fallen into disfavour since then. One of his longest and principal poems, *The End of War* (1931) is also about war but the meditations

of the dying German officer and the waking English officer and the dialogue between the body and soul of the raped and murdered French girl, are speculations more on the nature of reality, cosmic relations of the individual and incomprehensible fate than on subjects directly related to war.

I may also mention in this connection the poets who wrote satire in the 1920s and carried the tradition of satire and disillusioned irony into the 30s, Mr. now Sir Osbert Sitwell's targets are mostly "social climbers", "arm-chair-warriors", "religious jingoists" and "profiteers" for whom war meant an opening for inexhaustible opportunities.

Railway shares must go up :

Wages must go down

And we will manufacture battleships.

His poems *War-Horses* and *English Gothic,* though excluded from anthologies, are quite famous, especially the latter in which he ridiculed the Anglican view of life and the petrifaction of belief in English society. Sir Osbert also revived the heroic couplet, bringing Dryden and Pope into vogue. As a result many poems were written with Pope as model. Sir Osbert's *The Jolly Old Squire or Way down in Georgia* (1922) is an attack on romanticism and Georgian poetry. C. R. Cammell's dialogue *Satire Against the Cruelties Perpetrated on Animals by Scientific Imposters (1928)* is evidently written in imitation of Pope. Roy Campbell's, *The Georgiad* (1932) is the most effective satire in the Popean tradition, which attacks the rusticity, the sentimentality and the romantic nostalgia of the Grorgian poets. Humbert Wolfe used the age-old and consecrated medium of satire, heroic couplet, for most effective and potent social satires. In *News of the Devil* (1926) he ridicules the British press ; *Arms and the Man* and *The Uncelestial City* (1930) bear his scathing satire on the unhealthy struggle for supremacy among the various nations of Europe and depict with biting sarcasm the poverty-striken England.

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I may now pass on to the imagist poets and briefly comment on the later development in their poetry. Their intention in the beginning of the movement, as we all know, was to write a poetry "as hard as marble" and every peom was expected to "widen outwards like the ripples from a stone dropped in clear water." But soon afterwards it was realised that the scope of pure imagist poetry was limited to a clear rendering of visual experience. There also appeared, it seems, some confusion in the minds of the imagist poets, between the image, the clear evocation of a material thing, and the symbol, the word which stirs subconscious memories. In the mind of the reading public, imagism was reduced to the easily-learned trick of saying "Butcher elbowed Baker in Threadneedle Street" insteed of "The street was full of people". All these factors lowered down the fanfare of imagism and the imagist school, as such, for all practical purposes, ceased to exist after 1917.

One of the prominent members of this group, T. E. Hulme, the Cambridge philosopher, was killed in war. Ezra Pound, after his differences and quarrels with Amy Lowell, had lost his interest (his initial enthusiasm, at any rate) in imagism and complained that 'Verse Libre' "has become as prolix and verbose as any of the flaccid varieties of prose that preceded it. It has brought in faults of its own. The actual language and phrasing of it is often as bad as that of our elders without having even the excuse that the words are shovelled in to fill a metric pattern or to complete the noise of a rhyme-noise." Of the remaining poets, the talent of Amy Lowell, as Pound said, "was always political rather than literary or artistic". (It is said that her poems appeared in the first anthology because the group needed money). She wrote nothing afterwards worth mentioning. H. D. (Hilda Doolittle) clung tenaciously to the physical image even in her later poetry but in her poems *Heliodora* (1924) and *Red Roses for Bronze* (1931), she has violated the rules laid down by the imagists, admitting a complexity of emotions linked with the modern state of mind. Richard Aldington, her husband, also abandoned the imagist technique

and employed more and more traditional forms. His poem *Exile* (1923) clearly indicates this change of attitude and his long poem *Fool i' the Forest* (1925), with its analysis of the contemporary social crisis, is a complete negation of the ideals of the imagists. The last anthology of imagist poetry appeared in 1930 and later development of this movement in other directions appears in the poems of William Carlos Williams (*Nantucket*) Marianne Moore, (*The Paper Natutilus, Elephants* etc.), E. E. Cummings (*One X., My Father Moved*) Laura Riding (*The Tillaquils*), and also in the poetry of Miss Edith Sitwell, on whom, as on Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, I shall speak presently.

Another phase of reaction against the First World War appeared in what is known as the poetry of spiritual disgust. The poets of this group present in their poetry an embittered scepticism, a persistent cynical questioning of illusions, an intense revulsion against life and a morbid longing for death. Their refuge is a colourful verbal clowning and studied artificiality and mannerism which illuminate, rather than conceal, an actue sense of emptiness and despair bordering on hysteria. For them

The pantomime of life is near its close :
The stage is strewn with ends and bits of things,
With mortals maim'd or crucified, and left
To gape at endless horror through eternitq.

(*Sir Osbert Sitwell : Twentieth Century harliquinade*)

Most of these poets contributed to *Wheels* anthology, the last number of which came out in 1921. One of the poems of Nancy Cunard, with which the first volume opens :

I sometimes think that all our thoughts are wheels
Rolling forever through the painted world,
Moved by the cunning of a thousand clowns
Dressed paper-wise, with blatant rounded marks,
That take their multi-coloured caravans
From place to place, and act and leap and sing
Catching the spinning hoops when cymbals clash.

characterises the poetry of this group of poets, (Sacheverall Sitwell, Nancy Cunard, Arnold James, Irish Tree, Alan Porter and Aldoux Huxley). More than, that, these lines present the substance of Miss Edith Sitwell's poetry of the 1920s. She was, in many respects, the leader of this group and her published works were *Facade* (1922) *Bucolic Comedies* (1923) *The Sleeping Beauty* (1924) *Tory Park*, (1925) *Elegy on Dead Fashion* (1926) *Rustic Eleqies* (1927) *Five Poem* (1928), *Popular Song* (1929) *Gold Coast Customs* (1929) and her Collected Poems appeared in 1930.

Miss Edith Sitwell is a highly sophisticated and eccentric poet or at least she was in the 20s. She absorbed in her poetic style the diverse influences of baroque art, chinese classical poetry, French symbolist poetry, the drawing of Beardsley and her poetry smacks of dadaism (*i. e.* complete disregard and a negation of sense and meaning) and cubism, (*i. e.* expression in painting of the disharmony between man and nature by the help of geometrical rather than naturalistic forms). The net result of this strange conglomeration of varied and mutually incompatible elements is a poetry of timeless and placeless phantasmagoria, abounding in psycho-physical hyperbol, rococo image, ingenious word play aud tom tom rhythms with varying assonances.

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Ezra Pound emerged in English poetry, like a thick—skulled bull in a china shop, smashing left and right what was fragile and vulnerable. I have already referred to his brief, though vital, association with inagism. The imnovations, then started, got going for sometime but, not satisfied with the results, he embarked upon new experiments in his iconoclastic zeal (or frenzy). Pound's remark, at the time he broke away from the imagists, has become famous since then : "At a particular date, in a particular room, two authors, neither engaged in picking the other's pocket, decided that the dilution of verse libre Amygism and Lee Masterism, general floppiness

had gone too far and that some counter current must be set going. Parallel situation centuries ago in China.........Results : poem in Mr. Eliot's second volume, not contained in his first *Prufrock* (Egoist 1917), also *H. S. Mauberley*."

Pound's first task as a poet was to purify English language and his way to a full, though private and isolated poetic language, was difficult and tortuous. Some of the landmarks of his development in this respect are indicated by strange words some of which I have chosen more for your amusement than for your edification,

* *ching-ming* : a word borrowed from Confucius meaning precise verbal definition.

** *hokku* : a word borrowed from Japanese poetry meaning presentation of new perspective by incongruity as in the lines :

Fu I loved the high cloud and the hill
Alas, he died of alchohol.

The nearest approach to it in English is epigram.

*** *Vorticism* : a method evolved under tne Cubist influence to seek ways of penetrating the particularity of the object under scrutiny, rather than divagating into the objects' likeness to some other.

*** *ideogram* : the mode of making complete and properly qualified statement by presenting a selection of example. In this matter Pound had taken his queue from a passage in Charles Dickens' *Hard Times* :

"Bitzer", said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse".

"Guadruped, Graminivorous, Forty teeth, namely, twenty four grinders, four eye-teeth and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring ; in marshy countries sheds hoofs, too. Hoof hard, but requiring to he shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth".

"Now girl number 20," said Mr. Gradgrind, "You know what a horse is."

Pound's own example of an ideogram is as follows :

A cihnese is asked to define red

He puts together the abbreviated pictures of

Rose ... cherry

Iron rust ... Flamingo

These words are also some of the theoretical axes of reference which Pound invented, as he went ahead in search of a pure and precise language.

Along with this, Pound also brought to English poetry his immense, though disorganised and at times recondite, learning. He said once that the subject of his *Cantos* is the "presentness of the past" meaning that a poet should create new poetry from the past literatures of the world. In this, as in many other matters, Eliot holds the same opinion. "The historical sense compels a man," writes Eliot, "to write not merely with his own generation in his bones but with a feeling that the whole literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order." As a result of this new approach, Pound's poetry, as that of his illustrious contemporary T. S. Eliot, brings with it multifarious echoes of the dim and distant literatures of the past, echoes which, sometimes, are hardly recognizable. Their poems become whispering galleries of literary allusions and make a special demand on the intellectual alertness of the readers. In the dedication of *The Wasteland*, Eliot paid a typical compliment to Pound, "il miglior fabbro" (*i*. e. to the better fabricator). It is a kind of compliment which may seem to us dubious, even left-handed, but this phrase is very significant. Pound does not compose, he fabricates poetry and he fabricates more, if not better, than Eliot.

In another matter Pound and Eliot present a close parallel. Pound fully accepted Flaubert's doctrine of the impersonality

of the artist, elaborated by Joyce later, as "invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails". Pound's comment on the subject is:

> "the momentum of his art should heave him out of himself, out of his limitations, out of the tangles of heredity and of environment, out of the bias of early training, of early predilections...and leave him simply a true recorder."

Eliot commented famously on the same subject:

> "Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from it".

Again, in the same context, Pound said,

> "In the search for oneself, in the search of sincere self expression, one gropes and finds, some seeming verity. One says "I am" this or the other and with the word scarcely uttered one ceases to be that thing".

and Eliot wrote in *East Coker*

> *. . . and every thought*
> *Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure*
> *Because one has only learnt to get the better of words*
> *For the thing one no longer has to say.*

This desire to escape from personality sent Pound in search of ideograms (ideograms: seeing, ideograms: hearing and ideogram: reprise) as Mr. Eliot went in search of "objective correlatives", for emotions were not to be expressed directly, but were only to be evoked.

From what I have said above, we can have some idea of the newness, a strange kind of newness I should say, which Pound and Eliot brought to modern English poetry. But they did not contribute to the technique of poetry only but also depict the spiritual crisis of the 1920s about which I shall speak later. Here I may pause to mention some of Pound's poems. My difficulty however is that the only poem which

Pound published in 1920[3] was *H. S. Mauberly* (1920); earlier poems and translations were published much before that date and his greatest work *Cantos* were published much later. A new edition *Personae*, however, appeared in America in 1926 superseding early collection of works and *Selected Poems* of Ezra Pound, edited by T. S. Eliot, was published in England in 1928.

The poems in *Personea* are exercises aimed at refining his habitual self out of existence and simultaneously at building of his new voice. "I began this search for the real", says Pound, "in a book called *Personae*, casting off, as it were, complete masks of the self in each poem." His poems *Adaptation From Heine*, *The Return* and *Heather* are the three facets of this attempt brining to mind Eliot's lines in the third section of *East Coker*

Every moment is a new and shocking
Valuation of all we have been.

Cathay is a collection of translations from chinese poems collected by Ernest Fenollosa but these translations are important, for they consolidated Pound's new modes of poetic speech. Pound also translated the Elegies of Sextus Propertius, a very little read Latin poet, which were published later in 1934.

H. S. Manberly was the only poem which was first published in the beginning of the decade under survey. Even if the *Cantos* had not been written, this single poem would have been enough to convince the reader of Pound's talents as a poet. The tributes of the great Dr. F.R. Leavis to *Mauberley* in *New Bearings in English Poetry* is indicative of the essential seriousness of these disrupted quatrains. The poem embodies Pound's concentrated and consistent attack on the contemporary age which "demanded an image/of its accelerated grimace", but it can easily be mis-understood, for we are apt to identify Hugh Selwyn Mauberley with Pound as we identify J. Alfred Prufrock with T. S. Eliot. C. Day Lewis did not mean it only as a joke when he remarked in his book, *A Hope forPoetry*, that Prufrock is Mr. Eliot himself. Prufrock may not be Eliot but he speaks

with Eliot's voice and bears resemblence with the later Eliot persona who is the speaker of *Four Quartets.* Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, on the other hand, is not Pound ; he is a parody of Pound. I have pointed out this difference because Mr. Eliot's impersonality is the impersonality of the Augustans, a dispassionate contemplation of the self, whereas Pound's impersonality is the impersonality of Flaubert, a complete effacement of the self for the sake of accurate registration.

The poem is an indictment of an age, I may repeat, which demands from a poet the image of its ugliness, whose current maxim is :

> *. . . as for literature*
> *It gives no man a sinecure.*

and whose advice to the poet is :

> *'And give up verse, my boy,*
> *'There's nothing in it.'*

Poetry in this age is, as it was to its aristocratic patron, Lady Valentine:

> *A hook to catch the Lady Jane's attention,*
> *A modulation toward the theatre,*
> *Also, in the case of revolution,*
> *A possible friend and comforter.*

I am sorry that the limitations of the present survey donnot permit me to go into greater details of Pound's poetry but from the little that I have said about his work as a poet is, I think, enough to indicate how Pound anticipates almost everything that we admire in Eliot. The irony of fate is that Eliot has risen to an immense fame and has become almost a legendary figure in his lifetime whereas Pound has failen lower and lower into official disrepute mainly for his political sympathies during the second world war and his imprisonment immediately after it. Even if posterity revaluates his worth as a poet, which it must I hope, he is bound to live under the immediate and tall shadow of T. S. Eliot whom Pound encouraged and popularised at one stage.

I remarked above that the contribution of Pound and Eliot was not limited to the sphere of poetic technique; they represent the saddened intellectuals and their work depicts, as much as it is possible to depict, the spiritual crisis, the despair and disillusionment, and the moral and spiritual disintegration of the 1920s. For most of us in India, who have not undergone this terrible experience, it may be difficult, it may indeed be almost impossible, to make any real assessment of the wasteland in which Mr. Eliot, like many other sensitive souls, found himself, a wasteland in which there is

... no water but only rock

Rock and no water and the sandy road

The road winding above among mountains

Which are mountains of rock with out water.

and where there are only

A heap of broken images, where the sun beats

And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief

It is in the representation of this spiritual crisis that Mr. Eliot stands out among his contemporaries.

It would be incorrect to say that Eliot's was the only voice which had a contemporary relevance. There were other poets too who were trying to present a unified view of the crisis in in 1920s Conrad Aiken's *Senlin* (1918) Richard Aldington's *Fool i' the Forest* (1925) and Archibald MacLeish's *Hamlet of A. MacLeish* (1928) were the poems written mainly for the same purpose but none of them has the same conciseness, the same evocative power, the same broadness of vision and scope as Eliot's *The Wasteland* (1922).

Mr. T. S. Eliot is the most significant thing that has happened to English poetry. He is also, like Pound, obscure and difficult to read, even for trained and professional readers, but his obscurity is not insurmountable as at places, Pound's is. His sources and his allusions can be traced to authors whom we have not read, but whom we can read if we so desire. If we are not equiped to read them in original, we can read

them in translations. Pound's sources, at times, are poets whom we are not equipped to read. Eliot also evolved a new language and a new technique like Pound, but his technique has the elements of his immediate predecessors inseparably mixed with something of his own. He has occasional lyrical flashes of the Elizabethans, the wit of the metaphysicals, the precise images of the imagists, the symbolism of Carbiere, Laforgue and Verlaine, the resonant introspection of Joyce, the psychological convincingness of Freud and above all the religious vision of Dante. All these diverse elements are recognizable in his poetry and they lessen the strangeness of his new kind of poetry. Such diverse elemens are not always discernable in Pound and are made to lose their identity by a powerful intellect. Mr. Eliot, in his analysis of the malady of the present age. has also implied, and later directly suggested, a solution, which no contemporary poet has done, or if a solution has been presented like that of D. H. Lawrence, it is widely held to be repugnant. Pound has no solution to suggest. All these reasons explain Eliot's eminence as a poet as they explain the failure of Ezra Pound.

Eliot's published poems in the 1920s are *The Wasteland* (1922) *The Hollow Men* in the collected edition *Poems—1909-1925* (1925), *Journey of the Maqi* (1927) 'Ariel Poems' (single poems issued as pamphlets) No. 8 and No. 16 in 1928, Animula, No. 23, in 1929, Marina No. 29 in 1930, and finally *Ash Wednesday* (1930). I think it would be sheer waste of breath to comment on *The Westeland,* as so may interpretations of the poem already exist, the most distinguished being that by Prof. Cleanth Brooks in his *Modern Poetry and The Tradition.* I also donot wish to encroach upon the right of my senior colleague, Mr. Khan, to interpret the poem to the students. There is one thing, however, which I cannot avoid to mention. Brook's interpretation proves that the text is compact and forms a logical sequence ; it does not prove that there is both unity and emotional, dramatic progression in the poem. It is possible to miss this dramatic progression if we lose sight of Eliot's

faith in whose light his objective corelatives in *The Wasteland*, 'The Burial of the Dead' 'A Game of Chess' etc. are interpreted, for it is this faith which establishes connection between them. Once this faith is understood, we can see the culmination of this faith in the conclusion : the thunder speaking it its message of salvation.

Datta Dayadhvam Damyata

Shantih shantih shantih

The last words of benediction suggest the drizzle bringing water to a sterile land and faith to a meaningless and purposeless life.

Prof. Brooks has also remarked that in *The Wasteland* "the contrast is between two kinds of life and two kinds of death". This brings confusion in understanding certain passages and it will help if I say that the contrast is between three kinds of deaths.

Death-in-life *i. e.* when life is meaningless

Death by sacrifice which is a portal to rebirth and an awakening to new life.

Death-in-death which is a complete annihilation and which does not lead to rebirth.

The last category of death explains the lines.

I think we are in rats' alley

Where the dead men lost their bones.

The Hollow Men is considered to be Mr. Eliot's simplest poem where there are fewer literary allusions and which is, like *The Wasteland*, a symbolic picture of an age without belief or purpose, and of a spiritual desolation unredeemed by any vision of beauty.

We are the hollow men

We are the stuffed men

Leaning together

Head piece filled with straw.

It is generally considered to be, even by Miss Bradbrok, a poem of despair without hope and without progression, in which the world ends

Not with a bang but a whimper

I may refer to an essay *Hope For T. S. Eliot's "Empty Men"* published in the PMLA (Volume LXXIII, No. 4, Part I) of September 1958, under the joint authorship of Friedrich W. Strothmann and Lawrence V. Ryan, in which a different interpretation has been given. According to the authors of this essay, emptiness becomes something desirable, indeed, it is something to be prayed for. Emptiness does not indicate an abondonment of soul by God but a pre-condition of receiving from God the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity. Given this interpretation, the second and the last sections of the poem assume a new meaning. The "eyes"; in the second section, which the hollow men dare not meet are the divine truths revealed by Christ, truths which donot appear in this mortal life (death's dream kingdom) for in this life we can see these truths only in flashes ('Sunlight on a broken column.') In the last section, between the first idea of union with God and its fulfillment, between the first motion towards this union and the actualization of the desire, must come death (the shadow).

Between the idea

And the reality

Between the motion

And the act

Falls the Shadow

The fragmentary lines

For thine is

Life is

For thine is the

indicate the arrival of the moment of fulfillment when all that is not God fades into nothingness. For the soul which has trodden the mystic road, the world ends not with the bang of

lost souls but with a whimper. According to this interpetation the poem moves from the state of being stuffed with straw to a state of spiritual readiness when the soul of man is emptied of everything else to arrive at its highest achievement. The poem, thus, becomes deeply religious, and is raised above despair to a state of spiritual longing.

Ash Wednesday (1930) is the culmination of the theme of *The Wasteland*, into personal salvation. The six sections of the poem correspond to six states of mind.

* In the first section the mood is of calm resignation and renunciation and the poet gives up any hope.

Because I know that time is always time

And place is always and only place

And what is actual is actual only for one time

And only for one place

I rejoice that things are as they are and

I renounce the blessed face.

* * in the second section the memory of God emerges from that resignation and through the intercession of the Virgin, "bones shine with brightness".

* * * In the third section, the stair, borrowed from Dante's *Purgatorio*, symbolises the spiritual acsent in which the limited reach of the human spirit calls for help.

Lord I am not worthy

but speak the word only

**** In the fourth section the poet experiences a moment of eternity in the middle of time. The theme anticipates the *Four Quartets.*

***** In the fith section the poet's belief in Incarnation is expresed.

***** In the sixth and the last section the poet recapitulates the vision of solitude and ends in a cry

Suffer me not to be separated

And let my cry come unto thee

Ash Wednesday also marks a slight departure from the theme and the ironical method of his earlier poems. Eliot's attitude is now more positive than negative, more synthetic than analytical and his awareness of the spiritual distintigeration gives way to his perception and expression of a coherent religious tradition. The stone images, the 'cactus land' and the 'beach of the tumid river' are replaced by simpler imagery under the influence of Dante, and its symbolic value is more and more extended to express spiritual realities. His poetry becomes more creative, more meaningful and purer than anything else he wrote earlier.

T. S. Eliot's influence as a poet, as a critic and as a religious thinker has been almost unprecedented all over the world. The majority of his readers and admirers in India, as elsewhere, may not share his enthusiasm for Anglo-catholicism, or classicism or royalism, indeed we may,at times, react against his conservatism, but there is no doubt that we admire his poetry and his prose more than that of any other contemporary writer. In the literary circles of India, I have always heard his name mentioned with respect, even with reverence and I have no doubt that the poets and critics of our own languages can learn much from him.

In this brief and rather unbalanced survey of the 1920s, I have not paid sufficient attention to Sir Herbert Read and have passed over the poetry of D. H. Lawerence without comment. The only explanation that I can offer for doing so is that these two poets have neither made any impact on the technique of modern poetry nor have they made any effective or significant contribution to human thought in the twentieth century. The mysticism of D. H. Lawrence exhibited in the *Collected Poems* (1928) is the mysticism of sex. While Sir Herbert Read, like his Saint Denis, at his best moments, expresses the longing of the human heart for esoteric wisdom for "I

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am chaos and dark and nothingness." D. H, Lawrence expresses the rapture of flesh and blood by eliminating intellect. Both these attitudes to life and its problems are unhelpful and are too narrow to be widely acceptable. D. H. Lawrence, however, may fail as a thinker, but by the sheer power of his theories, he has become one of the greatest love poets and the unfailing lyrical strain in his verse reminds us of one of the greatest traditions in English poetry.

In the concluding part of this survey, I may also mention one of the older poets, W.B. Yeats, who showed a marked development in the 1920s. In the poems that Yeats wrote round about the Dublin Rebellion of Easter 1916, it appeared as if Yeats had really given up his interest in dream and spirit and had ceased to be a symbolist. But he returned to it, as it seems, with a vengeance in his extraordinary poem *A vision* (1925). His interest in spiritualism can be traced back to his childhood. In 1917 he had married a lady who was a medium and with her he conducted many experiments, I mean experiments in spiritualism. The result was this poem *A Vision*, conceived as a dialogue between "Hic", the self and "*Ille*", the anti-self. The poem is supposed to give a theory of the varieties of human types, of the changes of history and of the transformation of the soul in this world and hereafter, and Yeats relates these to a "Great Wheel" which in its turn corresponds to the changes of the moon. Yeats' extraordinary beliefs are repeated in *The Double Vision of Michael Robartes* (1921). In *The Tower* (1928) he returned to the twilight of old age seeking peace after a life of unrest and after he had freed himself from the world. The symbolism and imagery of *The Tower* is of the earlier poems and has a new richness and beauty.

In conclusion I may emphasise that 1920s is the most significant decade in English poetry. With its currents and cross-currents of varied poetic styles and social and philosophical thought, the poetry of this decade makes a fascinating reading. It is also a period of manifold literary influences notably of the Greek, Latin and Italian poetry on the one

hand, and on the other the far reaching influence of French poetry, particularly of the symbolists. Innovations in the technique of poetry carried out during these ten years brought about radical changes in, and determined the course, of future English poetry. The chief figure which looms large on this horizon is that of Mr. Eliot who does not only dominate the present generation but is likely to dominate the future generations as well.

(Lecture delivered under the auspices of the Religh Literary Society)

SWEET MEMORIES.

Ali Abbas Abidi

Crushed under a heavy heart
And beaten down by sorrow
When in the wearisome moments, tired and bored
In my bed I lie,
Someone by the side of my heart
With steps familiar
Walks on the surface of the mind
Like a boat smoothly gliding
On the bosom of a river.

When in the wearisome moments, tired and bored
In my bed I lie
A knot unravels in my mind
And some one coming before my sight
Smiles in such a way
As half-blossomed lotus blossoms full
As two strangers get embraced
When in the wearisome moments, tired and bored
In my bed I lie,
Some one pinches at my heart
As a lancelet flashes forth
As the veins are filled with electric sparks
As on the bosom of the darkness
Light trails for long.
When in the wearisome moments, tired and bored,
In my bed I lie.

A COG OF THE MACHINE

Girja Kumar Mathur

It is a misty winter morn.

The seven strokes of the clock have just shivered in bleak wind.

Sunshine too is benumbed, and the whole town is slumbering fast inside cosy quilts.

But,he has to leave his bed all a-tremble, folding his hands close on his breast, the dark ring of night-vigil underlining his eyes heavy as office files, and his wan cheeks wanting a shave.

His shirt's crumpled cuffs are held together by two cord-pieces no buttons—, and his mended pullover has seen three winters.

He looks to the watch often, puffing in the half-burnt cigarette end of the night.

His life, now a routine, like the watch's, has become a dead machine.

The sweetness of chilly days no doubt presses him, and so the pleasure of the night has become the day's torment. His golden sun is now sinking day by day behind the multiplying heap of papers.

Bearing the load of his mind on the strength of cocogem-cooked food, and feeding the fangs of tuberculosis with his own blood, he moves on mechanically on the high pavement of the brown smooth roads, hearing the horns of impatient cars that move on silver wheels and carry with pompous glee inmates of the yonder bungalows all exalted and imperious.

He tramples the flowers fallen from the boughs on his way,his mind, now bare of all thought, of all love, has renounced all ideals, too.

His soul is without sight, his bud of hope too crushed already.

The town overflowers with beauty.

Mighty mansions of sandal distempers shine forth, broad highways are opening out a splendid vista, smooth as weather-beaten rocks, with pearly garlands of white parks bedecking their breasts.

On the lawns of velvety softness stroll about new couples from high-browed mansions, under the caressing shade of soft electric light, beside the romance of fountains commanding the central vista.

But all these glories pale before the hourly mounting wall of thick and dreary paper that blocks his mind and vision harder than rocks.

The sun sank tired of the day in his office, the light lost its way in the labrinthine drawers of almirahs, and the dusk set in upon the dust ladden papers, as the peace of the grave descended on the doorway.

Ghostlike his mind wanders about those thick lawns and, then peeps into ths vacant stare of his long-ailing wife.

Melodious strains of piano, pouring out of those stream-lined bungalows shake him with the memories of the happy days now gone, and then admitting defeat at the hands of the white paper-ghost, he takes leave of his fetters perforce.

The exteriors of these bungalows are infectiously sweet.

The cars pass by, trailing, fumes of *Eau de Cologne* and 'the Lady of Paris', but he moves on like the silhoutte of a machine, his eyes vacantly fixed in the space.

Only the thick dreary wall of paper stands in his way like a white ghost.

DONNE'S THEORY OF POETRY

Massodul Hasan,

That Donne propounded any elaborate theory of poetry is a tall claim to make. But the age was seriously concerned with poetics and it is unlikely that a man of his intelligence and learning, living in the age of Webbe and Puttenham, should be impervious to the influences then operating. We have Donne's own evidence to understand that he took authorship seriously and critically. He wrote in the Epistle prefacing the long poem 'Infinitati Sacrum':

"Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and stick, and do not say quickly good. I censure much and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others, by how much my own things are worse than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against myself, as to do it, since I love it, nor so unjust to others, to do it sine talione."

The author of the opinions quoted above could not write his verses just indifferently. He must have had some clear ideas about the nature, purpose and technique of his work. These ideas may be gleaned from his poems and may—with some justification—be said to comprise his theory of poetry. A correct appraisal of this theory, however, can be made only in the context of the contemporary theories about literature.

The chief problem of the Elizabethan literary theorists was, in the words of Spingarn, "the justification of imaginative literature." They played the apologists and, significantly enough, two of the earliest treatises on the subject carried the titles 'A Defence of Poetry' (Lodge, 1579) and 'An Apology for Poetry' (Sidney, 1583). A defence of literature was needed because the Puritan England looked upon literary creation as a questionable excuse for parading and propagating abuses.

Poetic compositions, therefore, were witty exercises meant for a private circle of friends, or on the other extreme, rhetorical exhortations with a didactic purpose. Publication had begun to find favour with the authors, but it was still considered to be below the dignity of a man of honour. Donne seems to have shared this high browed aversion to printing. In his famous letter to George Gerrard he wrote in April, 1612 by way of self-reproach:

"Of my Anniversaries the fault that I acknowledge in myself, is to have descended to print anything in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times, by men who profess, and practise much gravity, yet I confess I wonder how I declined to it, and do not pardon myself:" In deference to the demands of gravity, he did not publish much in his life time. Here he seems to repent for having printed anything at all in verse. But it is rather significant to note that neither in this letter, nor elsewhere, he denounced poetry as a whole. On the other hand, he congratualted his friend, Rowland Woodward, on "thy songs perfection" and compared it to a "Delicious garden where all sweets are sown." So, again, he was glad to see in another friend of his, Samuel Brooke, the "bright sparks of poetry" and earnestly wished to blow them into fire with the "Articulate blasts" and example of his own verses. This shows that, in reality, he never deprecated poetry and even valued it as an enviable activity.

"Kindly I every thy songs perfection."

In the more intense moods poetry was to him, not only an enviable activity but it had also a life-giving and animating effect :

Oh, I was dead; but since thy song new Life did give,
I recreated, even by thy creature, live, (*p. 226*).

Thus, he might have belittled poetry in his less thoughtful moments, but otherwise he respected it as a noble and creative activity worthy of being practised by the select few.

By and large, the Elizabethan writers were in general agreement with the classical theories of literature and echoed

one of these in attributing a divine origin to poetry. To them the poet was an excellent man blessed with inspiration from God. Thomas Lodge held the opinion that "...........poetry cometh from above, from a heavenly seat of a glorious God, unto an excellent creature man...........". A few years later, Sidney supported this same opinion by defining poetry as a "divine gift", Puttenham also discovered some divine factor in it and he was positive in his statement:

"This science (poesy) in his perfection cannot grow but by some divine instinct..........." Donne accepted this view whole-heartedly and referred to it in the Anatomy of the World:

God did make

A last, and lasting'st piece, a song.

This inspiration operated as an inborn force or the "Poetic rage", and we gather from Donne's letter to Rowland Woodward that no one could write poetry without this "cherishing fire." In 'Sappho to Philaens' he elucidated the point further when he wrote:

Where is that holy fire, which Verse is said

To have? is that enchanting force decay'd?

It was this "fire" which distinguished a poet from his fellow beings:

All hail, sweet poet, more full of more strong fire,

Than hath or shall enkindle any spirit. (p. 219).

These are unmistakable statements and show Donne in complete agreement with the Renaissance view of the origin of poetry.

'Fine frenzy,' or what Donne calls the "enchanting force", alone could not make poetry. Something more was needed. A poet must supplement the natural gift or genius with the "merit of wit and Art". Donne explained to Thomas Woodward, expressing his appreciation of the latter's verses, that the natural

gift of poetry may be felt and loved; but what excites the reader's admiration is wit and Art:

I lov'd what nature gave thee, but this merit

Of wit and Art I love not but admire.

This, however, was nothing new and Donne must have been familiar with the importance attached to wit and Art by the contemporary theorists. Gascoigne referred to this quality of wit when he indicated the necessity of 'fine invention':

"The first and most necessary point that I ever found meet to be considered in making of a delectable poem is this, to ground it upon some fine invention. For it is not enough to roll in pleasant words, nor yet to thunder in rym, ram, ruff, by letter (quoth my master, Chaucer, nor yet to abound in apt vocables, or epithets, unless the invention have it also aliquid salis. By this aliquid salis, I mean some good and fine device, showing the quick capacity of a writer."

Ben Jonson also prescribed wit as one of the great merits of a true poet and he defined this quality as the faculty which enables the poet "by nature and instinct to pour out the treasure of his mind...........".

Art was the other important merit of a good poet. In the words of Puttenham, this art was "a skill appertaining to utterance" and comprised "a certain order of rules prescribed by reason gathered by experience". Ben Jonson also in the 'Discoveries' admitted the necessity of 'Art'.

"And though these challenge to themselves much in the making up of our maker, it is art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand." Donne, therefore, was indebted deeply to the popular theory of poetic creation as enunciated by the critical theorists of the day.

Verse, as he saw it, had some angelic attributes also. In 'A Valediction: Of the Book' he claimed that the book enshrining the story of his love would be a treasure of knowledge and angelic lore for all future lovers. From the book

"Schools might learn sciences, spheres Music, Angels Verse."

Here the implication is that as Music was supposed to be the natural sound produced by the spheres, so verse form was the natural mode of expression for the Angles, and since it is used immediately after 'Music' it may not be incorrect to deduce here a reference to the musical quality of poetry. Mrs. Ing in her excellent study of the Elizabethen Lyrics has indicated the relationship between poetry and music in the period under discussion. She *maintains* ".........English poets of the Elizabethen age were writing in an isle full of noises, sounds and sweet airs. When they linked their art to music, they linked it to an art german to itself in kind, and a kindly fruit of their native earth." (p.107) This is borne out by Puttenham's emphasis on the "musical speech or utterance" which would "please the hearer very well" and thus help his memory. Donne, as stated above, subscribed to this view and held that genuine poetry was naturally wedded to music:

In addition to inspiration, wit and art, a poet was required to possess the imaginative faculty also. In the following excerpt from his letter to Gerrard, Donne also refers to this quality of the mind.

"But for the other part of the imputation of having said too much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could: for since I never saw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound [myself to have spoken just truths, but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her, or any other in rhyme; except I took such a person, as might be capable of all that I could say."

He did not lay it down for himself to reproduce exactly any given model. His imagination refused to be tethered to any particular person and it conjured before his mind's eye the vision of a perfect woman. Incidentally, we may also note here the emphasis upon the liberty to be granted to the creative artist. What matters is not the model as it is, but the model as the poet sees it, or wishes to see it. The real beauty lies in the

poet's vision and not so much in the object or person under study. This, again, was nothing new, since almost about twelve years before Donne wrote it, Shakespeare had observed :

The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, hte poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Donne made a full use of this imagination not only in lavishing encomiums upon Elizabeth Drury and in his in sensuous description of the human body (Elegy No. XIX) but also in poems of a far different nature, like 'The Exstasy' and 'The Good morrow.'

He had a view of poetry different from the commonly accepted versions. The two most important theories of poetry were those of the instruction school and the amusement school. Sidney tried to strike the balance and suggested a combination of the two by making poetry as instruction through delight. Donne in his earlier works had subscribed to the one or the other as occasion and mood demanded; but with maturer years he came to have some set notions about poetry which were very different from these. A study of his poems reveals that he was interested more in exploring the mysteries of the soul and emotions than in teaching or amusing others. Of course, in the poems written in a lighter vein—which Leishman dismisses as the poems of jest—one of the leading motives might have been providing amusement to the small group of friends among whom they were circulated in the manuscript from. But the divine poems are the out pourings of a soul torn and anguished by conflict. Even the secular poems like 'The Exstasie' and 'The canonization' are probings into the recesses of his mind and heart. Poetic creation was to him, thus, the activity of unsparing and unceasing self-espying. So the "harsh verse" revealed to the poet "my pain and pleasure" (p. 220) and he described his verses as the symbols of his inner life.

"And you're my pawns, or else my Testament." The idea that poetry is the record of a spiritual stress and strain is further suggested very clearly in the line;

"My verse, the strict Map of my misery," (p. 222). A map is not a mere visual aid in teaching geography; it is the symbol of reality——reality that connot be expressed otherwise. A country or a sea is too vast and too deep to be fully and actually represented on paper. So the map serves as the epitome of an immense Reality. Similarly, poetry is the epitome—and a strict map—of an immense commotion of the soul and emotions which the poet wishes at once to guage and depict.

Considered in this light, poetry could not be mere imitation. The Muse might have been in disgrace because of the Puritan attack and because of some other historical factors. Also, a few writers might have actually debased and prostituted her by courting the muse and yoking her in the service of untruth with mercenary motives.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat ?
(p. 163)

But to the poet-explorer "he is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw/Other's wits fruits." This obviously means that to Donne originality was the essence of poetry. Sidney had defended the principle of Imitation as the very basis of poetic creation;

"Poesy therefore is an art of imitation, for so Aristotle termeth it in his word Mimesis, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth: to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture."

Donne, however, did not approve of this popular conception of imitation and this is reflected in his actual writings. He broke new ground and startled the readers and critics alike by his innovations and fertility of his mind. Indeed, this originality was mistaken for wilful obscurity and Dryden did not feel happy

with it since it seemed to puzzle the fair sex where it ought to have pleased. This originality, however, could not be an end in itself and, therefore, was not to be cultivated for its own sake. It was only a means to an end—the unfolding of the poet's mind and heart reacting to usual situations in an unusual manner. Sincerity of thought and passionate thinking were at the root of this originality and this distinguishes Donne from the band of poets who only imitated him in trying to be original but lacked his insight and spirit. He clarified the point by suggesting that poetry did not require mere wit or imagination and needed equally a feeling heart. He informed Basil Brooke:

"My Muse, (for I had one,) because I'm cold,
Divorc'd herself : the cause being in me,"

The poet still retained a sharp wit but what he had lost was a lively heart. His Muse followed suit and failed him. In other words, poetic creation was the outcome of the marriage of the qualities of head and heart. The two faculties should co-ordinate, even coalesce and the "abler soul" that thence shall flow would be real poetry.

The Renaissance critics often compared style to garment. Just as flesh is the garment of the soul, so style is the garment of thought and the subject matter. Garments may be an essential set off of beauty, but they are not the beauty itself—they are only the aids to beauty. Similarly, style is only an aid to communication. Therefore, Donne held that content was more important than style. Without the informing force of the subject matter poetry was to him mere rhyming and deserved not to be called poetry at all.

Hence comes it, that these Rhymes which never had
Mother, want matter, and they only have
A little form, the which their Father gave;
They are profane, imperfect, oh, too bad
To be counted children of poetry.

Poetry had one chief excellence in addition to its being the medium of self-espying. Because of the deft manipulation

of words in the rhyme scheme and the emergent musical quality the verses are easy to remember. This quality was affirmed by God Himself who is said to have made "A last, and lasting'st piece, a song" and enjoined upon Moses to deliver unto all

That song, because He knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
But keep the song still in their memory.

So it would be ungrateful on the part of human beings to waste this divine gift over trivial things. The proper themes of the song were love and the grief of lovers :

To Love and Grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when tis read
(p. 33).

The actual process of paying the tribute, however, was not an easy one. It was lengthy and involved many more activities. Donne used conceits and metaphors very thoughtfully and, significantly enough, the conceit employed for the verses was that of the plants and the buds :

This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
Must both to growth and confession bring
My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so
These verses bud, so there confessions grow.
(p. 236)

Buds are tender objects but their fragile existence is the culmination of a long and complicated process of the plants's growth conditioned by the sun, moisture and soil. Similarly, verses may seem to possess an immediacy of appeal very much like the aesthetic effect of buds and flowers but they are the product of an intricate process through which ideas must pass to be finally transformed into poetry. This reaffirms the stress upon the artistic merit of a poet—the discip-line, practice and technique essential to the crystallisation of thoughts and feelings into poetic creations.

The Renaissance critics assigned three functions to poetry.

Verse was written either to amuse, or to teach, or to comemmorate some occasion, event or person. These theories had a social basis. The Elizabethans had a full-blooded zest for life and wished to enjoy it at first hand. This passion for and lively interest in life was stimulated by a sense of comparative peace and security against external threats which had bedevilled English national life until the middle of the sixteenth century. Superficial refinement and sophistry that followed in the wake of prosperity and the continental influences on men and manners deepened this passion and led to the development of the quality of wit so richly reflected in the literature of the age. Men of fashion cultivated this quality ; they wrote verses to amuse one another and the English school of poetry for delight was born. However, running counter to this main trend, the Puritanical cross-current introduced moral considerations in literary appraisals. Patriotic feelings and national pride engendered a grim purposefulness in the people and necessitated critical comparisons with the rival countries in social as well as literary affairs. Poetry came to be employed as a means of social criticism and a revival of interest in the classical literature lent impetus to satirical compositions after the manner of Juvenal and Ovid. Sanction for didactic incursions into literature was sought for and found in the classical writers and theorists. The peculiar social set up and the consequent institution of patronage, occasionally mixed with nationalistic motives, paved the way for the commemorative function of poetry.

Donne, at one stage of his poetic career or the other, subscribed to these views. His early poems about love must have been written to please his friends in London. The poet pretended to defend outrageous situations in love, so that the song (Go and catch a falling star), 'woman's constancy, 'The Indifferent', 'The Legacy', 'Confined Love', 'The Flea' and some of the Elegies abound in ebullient though, sometimes, coarse wit. In writting poems like these he was obviously upholding the "delight-giving" function of poetry.

His acceptance of the didactic view was generally tacit. But at times——such as in the Satyres——the didactic motive become more pronounced and he tried to castigate even blatantly the social evils like the "rank itchy lust" of the courtiers, their pettiness, avarice and greediness. This was teaching by implication. But sometimes even metaphysical truths and abstract hypotheses were explicated in a didactic manner:

On a huge hill,

Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and he that will

Reach her, about must, and about must go;

And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so;

Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,

Thy soul rest, for none can work in that night.

At times he expressed himself in almost a pedagogic fashion. He advised Sir Henry Goodyere: "Provide you manlier diet," or "Let falsehood like a discord anger you." So, he could also explain humanistic and democratic values throuh verses:

So from low persons doth all honour flow;

Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,

And but direct our honour, not bestow.

In playing the chronicler and bard of the soul (The Progress of the Soul) he did not fight shy of elucidating the Pythagorean doctrine of the progress of the soul and even appended an epistle in prose in order to clarify his point of view. This is an open and unmistakable alignment with the instruction school of poetry, and, hedged in between the authors of the Fairie Queene and the Paradise Lost as he was, he could not do otherwise. He realised the utility of combining spiritual edification with aural pleasure and aesthetic satisfaction. The moralist overwhelmed the poet, since he remembered that God urged upon Moses to preach his word though song :

That song, because He knew they would let fall

The law, the Prophets, and the History,

But keep the song still in their memory.

Donne was not a onenote man. This was said about his poetry, but it is true of his poetic theory also. He did not identify himself exclusively with any one particular school. Therefore, the commemorative or 'immortalising' role of poetry found a ready acceptance from him. Great masters in the past had made extensive use of the 'eternising conceits' in their love-poetry and even his contemporaries took after them. The poet-lover conferred immortality upon the beloved by describing her as evergreen in beauty and undying in effect. Poetry, thus, was the spear head of man's war with Death, Destruction and Time. The formidable trio was viciously engaged in killing man, destroying his powers and accomplishments and in sinking his noble deeds into oblivion. It was a depressing picture and the very consciouness of this unholy activity had a devastating effect on man. His last bastion was the immortalising quality of poetry. Donne, therefore, suggested that

Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keeps Souls,

The grave keeps bodies, verse the Fame enrols.

(*Anatomy of the World*)

This preserving quality of poetry wrs again singled out by him in a letter to the Countess of Bedford:

Verse embalms virtue, and Tombs, or Thrones of ryhmes,

Preserve frail transitory fame, as much

As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch (*p. 213*)

In amorous affairs also verse had a gift to offer the lover. To the poet sonnets were the "pretty rooms"—built as eternal abodes for the lovers to live in:

And if no piece of Chronicle we prove,

We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms,

As well a well-wrought urn becomes,

The greatest ashes, as half acre tombs,

And by these hymns, all shall approve,

Us canonized for Love:

Donne seems to have had a personal experience of this utility of poetry. He wrote to his friend, Rowland Woodward:

But as a Lay Man's Genius doth control

Body and mind, the muse being the Soul's Soul

Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,

Although our bodies wither and minds languish.

Write then, that my griefs which thine got may be

Cur'd by thy charming sovereign melody.

He felt that a poetic release of passions had a cathartic effect upon the feelings of love also. Excessive grief when expressed in "whining poetry" was relieved of much of its intensity:

Then as th'earth's inward narrow crooked lanes

Do Purge sea water's fretful salt away,

I thought, if I could draw my pains

Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.

Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,

For, he tames it, that flatters it in verse,

The alleviation of grief through poetic expression is a healthy activity and tends to recover balance in life, so very significantly stressed upon in Renaissance England. He seems to have been preoccupied with this curative value of poetry in several poems. 'The Sunne Rising' opens on a note of vexation as evinced by the chiding of the "Busy old fool, unruly Sun." But the irritation is allayed as the poet expresses his irate expression through the poem, so that it closes on a note of conciliation:

Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;

This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

The poet had begun by almost wishing to demolish order in Nature and he threatened to "eclipse and cloud" the sun-beams with a wink. But the ire being unbraced, relief follows and the poet regains the serenity of mood so that he even caressingly invited the aged sun to "shine here to us." Similarly, 'The canonization' opens on a note of disgust with uninvited criticism and interruption of his love by the self-conceited and self-appointed advisers and friends. The poet is sick of it and cries out in desperate anger:

"For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love",

However, as he proceeds, the ire is purged off and the poem closes on a note of serene and pleasant visualisation:

Beg from above
A pattern of your love!

Such a chatharsis was possible and useful not only in matters of secular love, it had a validity in moments of spiritual anguish also. Holy Sonnet No. 1 opens with the rhetorical question:

Thou hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?

Here we find a note of uncertainty. The Master's work must not decay, and yet there is a suspicion that it might decay. Ultimately, the conflict is resolved and the poet is purged of his skepticism and despair, so that he closes the sonnet on a milder and brighter strain:

Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,

And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

So again, the fourth sonnet begins with a line conveying a sense of gloom and dismay:

Oh my black Soul ! now thou art summoned

The poet goes on to mention sickness, death, treason, thief, prison and the execution. This loud-thinking sponges out his despair and the sense of gloom is replaced by a vision of innocence and whiteness:

Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

Sonnets No. VII and XIII may similarly be analysed to substantiate this point. Each sonnet begins with an expression of nervous tension:

At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow

Your trumpets, Angels and arise, arise.

OR

What if this present were the world's last night?

This dramatic tension produces some misgivings and doubts in the poet's mind. But the octave in each case provides an outlet to the pent up feelings; and towards the end of the poem he feels reassured of pity and divine mercy. He has regained the serenity of mood:

This beauteous form assures a piteous mind.

Donne struck an original note in assigning to poetry the function of 'exploration' and self-appraisal. He lived in an age when maritime exploration was a matter of necessity and of utmost national importance. On a vigorous exploration of the seas and lands depended the very existence of the empire. Raleigh had planted the British flag in Virginia. So also Drake's circumnavigation of the world must have been still fresh in the memory of Donne's older contemporaries. In addition to sailors' activities and the consequent addition of new lands on the map of the world, the astronomers surveyed and explored the skies and discovered several new comets. All this work must have stirred the imagination of the impetuous writer of the Songs and Sonnets, and he might have shared with the age this passion for inquiry and investigation. Like some other fellow-writers he chose Truth and Human Personality as his field of study. He dropped a hint to this effect in a letter to Rowland Woodward.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves—(p. 200)

In this attempt to seek "ourselves in ourselves" poetry was of the greatest help to him and had stood him in good stead in the songs and sonnets. He acknowledged this debt in the verse-letter referred to above:

Since she to few, yet to too many hath shown
How love-song weeds, and Satric thorn are grown
Where seeds of better Arts, were early sown.

The "seeds of better Arts" sown in the human mind, therefore, were to be the subject of his work which had till then been full of the "love-song weeds" and the "satiric thorn." In another context also, he expressed this opinion when he called his verses "my pawns, or else my Testament," and elsewhere he described his poetry as a faithful map of his inner self:

My verse map of my misery. (p. 222)

The conceit of map is significant indeed and is closely associated with the idea of exploration. He seems to refer to this exploration-function of poetry, once again, in one of his most beautiful love-poems——'The Good-morrow':

Let sea—discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

The poet is thinking of the sea-explorers and star-gazers who record their observations and explorings in the form of a geographical map or the astronomer's chart. But the lover-poet does not bother for all this, since he is engaged in a holier and nobler work—he is busy in exploring the lower's "one world," and he is doing it throigh poetry. The knowledge (that the lovers possess "one world, each hath one, and is one") has come to him after a long contemplation and study and he has been able to achieve this only through thinking aloud expressed in the form of this poem. The poem, however, has not only helped him in grasping the reality of love, but may also be, the only effective means of making his addressee (the beloved) realise the truth and depth of his passion. The poem has made it possible to explore and disclose the secrets of the heart for the benefit of the explorer (the lover) and others interested in it (*i.e.* the beloved).

This is not a mere hypothetical opinion. Donne seems to have actually utilised poetry as a means of 'investingation.' The Exstasy may be cited as the finest example of this self-revelation and probing. Here he tried to reproduce the "soul's language" in an articulate and intelligible manner. He investigated the secrets of love and succeeded in unravelling the mysteries which often perplexed others:

This Exstasy doth unperplex

(We said) and tell us what we love;

Once again, the enigma has been solved and the perplexity removed through the aid of poetic utterance. Poetry, thus, has an "unperplexing" quality which is the attribute of exploration and investigation alone.

In Donne's poems this investigation and self-espying seems to supplement the curative function of poetry. It, in fact, precipitates or, sometimes, even causes catharsis. In the opening lines of some of his poems the poet feels baffled or vexed by some apparent dichotomy in life or thought. This poses a problem for him and creates tension which is relieved only after the poet has made an attempt to investigate the situation, mood or the phenomenon, as the case may be. For example, in Holy Sonnet No. I the poet is baffled by the problem of the decay of man—God's masterpiece. The poet tries to analyse the fear and traces out its source; and finds the following items responsible for the fear: (a) "I run to death." (b) "and death meets me as fast." (c) "Despair behind" (d) "my feeble flesh doth waste/By sin in it" and (e) "our old subtle foe so tempteth me". Circumventing the details, he discovers that the root cause of all these fears is the fact that he is still, at heart, not one with God. His problem is spotted out and the remedy suggested:

"And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart". Obviously, a catharsis has occured and the resolution follows the tension. This, however, is not a purging off of some superfluous feelings or thoughts resulting in relief; the mere

expression and utterance of feelings has not brought about any immediacy of effect. The fears and feelings have, first, been investigated and traced to their origin; and then only does the relief follow. As a result of this, the tension unbraced in poem is allayed towards the end. Thus, in practice also, poetry had an investigative and exploratory function for him.

Smith points out in his illuminating introduction to the Elizabethen critical Essays that the main problems of the Elizabethen literary critics were Decorum, Prosody and Diction. Of these, decorum engaged their attention pressingly and persistently. George Gascoigne pointed out even in 1575 in his famous 'Notes of Instruction.

"Your Invention being once devised, take heede that neither pleasure of rime nor varietie of devise do carie you from it: so far as to use obscure and darke phrases in a pleasant Sonnet is nothing delectable, so to entermingle merie-jests in a serious matter is an Indecorum."

(Smith—Vol. I p. 48)

This insistence on the proper combination of matter and form as an essential feature of poetry was reaffirmed by E. K. in the Epistle to Gabriel Harvey.* Some ten years later, in 1589 Puttenham also emphasised the point and tried to explain it in some detail:

"But generally, to have the stile decent and comely it behooveth the maker or Poet to follow the nature of his subject, that is if his matter be high and loftie that the stile be so to, if mean, the stile also to be meane, if base, the stile humble and base accordingly: and they that otherwise use it, applying to meane matter hie and loftie stile, and to hie matters stile eyther meane or base, and to the base matters the meane or hie stile, do utterly disgrace their poesie and show themselves nothing skilful in their arte, nor having regard to decencie, which is the chiefe praise of any writer." (Smith — Vol. I p, 155) The opinion is positive and the directive unamabiguous. But Donne seems to have paid scanty attention to it.

* See Smith—Vol. 1 p. 128 lines 1—13.

Indeed, he was much of a romantic in his attitude to covention and orthodoxy. He employed in his songs and sonnets unconventional conceits and startling images ; and later critics censured him for mixing the sublime and the low. He did not completely agree with the theory of Decorum and deliberately violated it in order to make his verses more refreshing in effect. Dryden did not feel happy with these innovations and found them perplexing. But this romantic attitude was in keeping with Donne's intellectual composition and temper.

Another important prcblem for the literary theorists was prosody, which in the words of Smith, again, was "indeed an obsession of the Elizabethen mind."* This embraced not only the controversy of rhyme, rhythm and the blank verse, but also the problem of pronunciation and accent which the Elizabethan writers attempted to reform. Puttenham has discussed the matter at some length in his second book (Of Proportion Poetical) in 'The Arte of English Poesie. The situation has been appropriately summed up by Evans in his survey of the Elizabethan poetry : "The task of the Elizabethan poet, then, was to assimilate as many of the new poetic forms as the language would take, and there was a recognized technique to help him do this, namely the classical technique of Imitation."[1] Donne too was conscious of the problem and though following the classical pattern, in most cases he did not hesitate to make bold experiments in the metric forms and stanza structures, especially in the songs and sonnets. These innovations introduced an enjoyable variety which bears testimony to his prosodic skill.

Equally important was the problem of diction. Patriotic considerations and some social factors (like the decline of the feudal power and its absorption in the royal prerogatives) led to a favourable revaluation of the native tongue. Even then in some quarters the controversy raged what sort of English was really suitable for literary work. Diverse opinions were expres-

* Smith—Vol. I. p. XLVI.

1 Evans—Sixteenth Century poetry. p. 36.

sed about vocabulary and methods of enriching it from foreign sources. Puttenham devoted one full chapter (Book III) to the matter. The discussion included the problem of style also. Donne was on the side of the native tongue in matters of diction and he was in favour of a direct dialectical and even colloquial manner of expression. He employed a language that was more akin to the spoken speech than to the poetic language as represented in the passionate utterances of the great dramatic characters of the day. This deviation from the accepted standards of poetic diction is bold in contrivance and significant in effect. The new diction was an admixture of technical and scientific words, biblical terms, legal phrases and the terms borrowed from hunting, sports, commerce and other activities of day to day life. His contemporaries could not feel happy with this hotch potch affair and Ben Jonson found fault with his prosody and diction. But Donne did not care for them; he was the monarch of wit and liked to play the monarch of language as well. He took pleasure in making unfamiliar combinations of words. So he refused to be dictated to by the purists and carved a path of his own.

Deeply conscious of classical ideals and conventional practices, he did not entirely succumb to these influences. Of course, he did not frame any elaborate theory of poetry, but he did not writepurposelessly either; and held some very unamabiguous opionions in the matter. These views changed with the passage of time, but, on the whole, they presented a compromise between classicism and romanticism. His earliest poetry was written with the patent purpose of delighting his friends. But the poems of riper days are deeply concerned with the principle of poetry for instruction. Financial and practical considerations compelled him to write commemorative and occasional verse also, while on a few occasions he subscribed to the theory of cathartic function of poetry. But his most significant and representative view was that of poetry as a means of exploring the mind and heart. This was an activity far nobler and holier than the function of instructing

or pleasing others. He made no secret of it; and, the theory may best be summed up in his own in impassioned remark to Samuel Brooke:

> *I sing not, Siren-like, to tempt; for I*
> *Am harsh;* (P. 227)

While complying with the patriotic motives of writing in the native language, he disturbed the cherished ideals of decorum and established a new principle defined by Tuve as the "logical decorum." His was, in substance, an independent theory indeed, and it sired a new school of poetry popularly known as the Metaphysical poetry.

THE HUMILIATED

Akhtar S. Khan

Lakhan was a groom by profession and had received training from his father, Parsadey, who was also a groom. But his father had also been a farmer and owned a modest plot of land. Lakhan did not exactly know why his father was ejected from his land, for it had happened long ago when he was only a child. Since then his mother had died and his father had become "Bare" Khan Saheb's groom. After his death, Lakhan had taken his place.

Lakhan was a very hardworking man and everybody in the village liked him for his cool temper and unassuming manners. He was not a very talkative person and could easily blush like a girl. His shyness had remained with him even after his marriage. One cold evening, as he quietly sat near the fire and watched his wife cooking, he asked her in a hesitating voice, "Rani, have you seen the land which was ours once."

"Our land!," said the surprised Rani, "did we possess land?"

"Yes, we did," said Lakhan, his voice touched with sorrow. "Tomorrow when I go to grub up grass for the mare, I will take you round to show you."

He did not say anything more and sat a long time staring at the flame. His wife did the rest of the talking that evening.

*   *   *   *   *

The next day brought much excitement to Rani. Without being aware, she thought all day long about that land which she had seen that morning and which once belonged to her father-in-law and to her husband. To possess land was a dream that had come to her with all its allurements which was beyond the

range of her experience. She was the daughter of a field labourer and her father had no house even of his own. To her land was the symbol of freedom from servitude and an inexhaustible source of wealth which appeared immense to her shrivelled up imagination. That evening, as her husband sat by the fire in the usual way, she spiritedly fired a volley of questions.

The only answer from her husband was a cry of despair. They could acquire land by paying a fee of Rs. 250/- per acre and Rs. 1250/- were needed to recover their old plot of land. The sum appeared to be preposterous and it went directly to the heart of Rani with a bang. As she served meals to her husband, tears rolled down her grief-striken cheeks, tears which she knew not what they meant.

The same night when they retired to bed, Rani kept awake for a long time. Her husband lay by her side breathing regularly and she thought that he had gone to sleep. Her sorrow came back to her once again with a sharp pang and she let it wash away in tears.

"Rani," came the soft voice of her husband.

She did not reply.

"Rani," said her husband gently, "are you asleep?"

"No," said Rani, concealing her tears, "what is it?"

"There is another way of acquring our land"

Rani gasped with surprise and hope.

"We can get our land back", continued her husband,

"If I make a representation to the Record Saheb. (Record Officer")

"I don't understand", said Rani simply.

"Do you remember the flag which was unfurled near the southern well of the village?" asked Lakhan.

"Yes, I do. You mean the flag of independence, do you?" asked Rani, forgetting her sorrow.

"Exactly. Now we have a government of our country men and the Prime minister has given order that land should

be restored to the ejected farmers," explained Lakhan, happy at his own superior knowledge. "He has sent Record Saheb for this purpose," Lakhan added. "How do you know,"? asked Rani, quite impressed by her husband.

"Uncle Bharosey told me. I have only to put in an application and the land is ours", said Lakhan, getting excited.

Joy ran in Rani's veins, making its passage felt as it danced towards her heart. She could not find words in her speechless ecstasy and gazed with great love and admiration at the flushed face of her husband, transformed by the excitement of a bright prospect.

"There is only one thing very disconcerting," continued Lakhan once again. "I will have to say in my application that Bare Khan Saheb usurped my land."

"But that is the truth", said Rani promptly.

"True. But first I did not want to say it, if I could get my land without saying it. It seems I will have to," Lakhan concluded with an air of resignation.

He fell silent for a while and then said, "Rani, there is one thing more. I have promised to pay the Patwari Rs. 125/- if I get the land?"

"Hundred and twenty five! but where can we get it?," asked Rani.

"I don't know, but we have to manage that much," said aLkhan. Rani calculated in her own way; perhaps her ornaments would be enough to fetch that sum. She, however, did not speak. The couple could not sleep till very late in the night and when they did go to sleep, it was a very deep and sweet slumber, indeed.

* * * *

The subsequent story of Lakhan is a very sad one. One morning he stayed away from work and went to see the Record

Officer. There was quite a crowd there. He put in the application in writing and made complaints that Bare Khan Saheb, the village landlord, had cheated him out of his land. He waited before the camp-court of the Record Officer till the evening, forgetting even to eat the bread which Rani had prepared so early in the morning. In fact he feared that his name might be called out while he went to the well to take his food. His name was not called out that day or the next day or the next. During this period he came every morning to the Record Officer's camp with hope and returned every evening disappointed. He had stayed away from work without Bare Khan Saheb's premission. His wife told him that Bare Khan Saheb's 'Karinda' (bailiff) came to inquire about him in his absence and threatened him and abused him. Even then he did not go back to work. Then one evening he was told that his application was dismissed. It was a shock the kind of which he had never experienced. When his father died a few years ago, he had felt the same kind of helplessness. That day his father and all that was precious in Lakhan's own life had died for the second time.

He sat for a long time on that well where he ate his bread on previous days, not knowing where to go. His mind was so dazed that he could not think even. There were many people who were equally disappointed but they had taken their misfortune with an ease which surprised Lakhan. He must also go back to his work, he thought, to his former self, to what he was. What he was, was the reality. What he is, is the reality. What he wanted to be, was an illusion. He must forget that illusion. He must.

When Lakhan reached his village, it was quite late in the night. He entered his house like a thief and saw his wife sitting by the fire, waiting for him. He did not say anything to her. Quietly he undressed himself and went to bed. His wife stared at him hard and it seemed as if by some occult process she understood. She coaxed him to take some food but he did not

speak. She even cried but he did not see her cry. At last she came to bed but he did not feel her presence. What he wanted to be was an illusion. Rani and her love were also an illusion. He did not need that illusion to sustain himself. He had found the truth.

* * * * *

Early the next morning Lakhan went back to his work. The morning mist had not yet cleared and the fire lighted during the night in the stable was still smouldering. The mere recognised him at a distance, pricked its ears, and neighed. Lakhan coughed and slightly stumbled on a displaced brick. He placed the bucket of wet gram before the mare and patted it on the back. Then he started to rub the mare carefully.

He heard Bare Khan Saheb come out of the house, he heard him calling for hookah; he heard his name mentioned by somebody with ensuing subdued laughter and his hands trembled as he rubbed the mare, patting occasionally on its back. As he came out of the stable, after having sharpened his "Khurpa", intending to go out to grub up fodder for the mare, Bare Khan Saheb was sitting in an easy chair, smoking his hookah. "Where have you been?", asked Khan Saheb with a twinkle in his eye.

He stood rigidly, looking down at his toe, and did not reply. He did not know what to say.

"Where have you been ?", repeated Khan Saheb indignantly.

"I was deceived", he brought out with difficulty, his voice choked with a sob, "forgive me".

"Bastard !," cried Khan Saheb, shaking with rage, "I thought you had gratitude for my kindness but you are the son of a bitch all right. Go away."

And he went away. He was not yet out of Khan Saheb's compound when he heard the jeering voice of the bailiff.

"Hey, where have you been ?" he asked, then conti-

nued without waiting for an answer. "Tell your wife to behave properly or I will show her who I am".

Lakhan heard everything and hurriedly walked away. He had been a groom but his hard work had won him respect even from the bailiff and Bare Khan Saheb. All that work, that devotion to his work, had been thrown to the winds. That consideration with which he was treated, that respect with which he was ordered, was also false, was also an illusion. He felt a blinding bitterness surging in his heart and he walked, almost ran, out of the village. It was better in the fields. He could see the distant horizon ablaze with the rising sun. He heard the birds singing in the mangoes grove. He felt the cold morning breeze brushing his cheeks. But everything filled him with disgust. He kept on walking towards the resplendent horizon conscious of nothing else but the humiliation that he had suffered. Suddenly he stopped and sat down near the embankment. He took out his "Khurpa", his face distorted by an impotent rage. He looked towards the blade, shining with use, and felt the edge. It was too blunt. He threw it away and all of a sudden broke down into a heartrending sob.

ENGLISH FICTION (1900-1920)

Mohd. Yaseen

The period from the beginning of the present century to the outbreak of the World War I shows the same divergent trends in literature as after the third quarter of the nineteenth century. After 1875, under repeated and various shocks, the victorian equilibrium was destroyed or weakened and its place was taken by a feeling of instability. Meanwhile the need of a spritual renovation appeared and forced itself upon the national consciousness. The novel and the lyric poetry were transformed by the virtue of that freedom; they drew from it a variety, a fancy, a wealth, at once more substantial and more delicate. While realism in several directions continued and even grew more intense, a revolt broke out against the compulsion enforced by realism and by the positivist spirit whence it sprung.

Restricting ourselves to fiction, we find this period offering an extremely complex structure. It shows us the most contradictory tendencies side by side. The Exotics rub shoulders with the Realists and the satirists are seen jostling with utopians. On the other hand, it is not unusual to find solitary souls plying their way in the vast Immensity. Nowhere we have a surer froof of the complexity of life and the dissociation of sensilibities. The aga itself is the saga of 'broken-images'. The first romanticism had freed the personality of the writer from its shackles; the second, coming as it did after Victorian complacency, encouraged such a teeming wealth of idiosyncrasics that the very feeling of some moral link between

writers of the same generation tended more and more to die out.

Freud and Marx continued to be dominant influences in the field of fiction as much as in any other literary genres. The gulf is widened by their adherents who either taking shelter into extreme individualism prefer recollecting their emotions in twenty volumes or unite for the holy cause of blood and soil regionalism, Soviet socialist realism. The division of society into public and private sectors is evidenced in the art of writers with such defined antagenism as Wells. Galsworthy, Shaw and Bennett on the one hand, James, Conrad, Lawrence, Joyce and Woolf on the other. The two groups of writers seem to be divided into two camps; but the division is more apparent than real. All the writers have lost their sense of tradition. They are in certain ways inconoclasts of older values and delight in their own idiosyncrasies. The novelists of the period display a fine literary galaxy of Benjonson's 'Every Man in His Humour.'

What strikes us most in the writers of the period is their mediocrity. The Golden Age of the novel is of course the Victorian Age. Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Meredith. George Eliot and Hardy cannot be dreamed of in any other period. But for the two foreigners, Conrad and James, the history of novel in the early decades of the twentieth century seems to be infested with lots of mediocre writers, even if we reject the mess of journalstic witling and such other abominable scribblers.

From the technical point of view, however, the writers have achieved greater success than their predecessors Broadly speaking the centre of attention has been shifting from without to within. On the other hand, the artists are trying to be more and more objective and dramatic. Conrad and James carry technical elaborations to the furthest degree imaginable.

But an even marked characteristic is the vogue of the novels in series, modern version of Greek Trilogies, although some of the exponents of the stream of consciousness school have extended it to more than a dozen volumes:

Famous examples from the Continent are: in French Romain Rolland's 'Jean Cristophe' (1904=12); Marcel Proust's, "*A la Recherch du temps perdu*"———"*Remembrance of things Past*" (1913–1926); in Dutch Louis Coupercuss's "*Books of the Small Souls*" (1901-1913); in Polish, Ledilas Raymount's "*The Peasants*' (1924-25); in Norwegian Sigrid Undsets' ,"*Kristine Lavransdalter*" (1920-22) and her later series begining with "*The Axe*" and ending with "*The Son Avenger*" (1925-27).

In England besides Galsowrthy's *Forsyte Saga* and Bennett's *Clayhanger Series*, there have been the following:

Conrad: *Malayan Tales* (Almayer's Folley, An outcaste & Resove:) J. D. Beresferd's ("*Jacob Stahl*" (1911-15); Dorothy Richardson's "*Pilgrimage*" comprising nine volumes between 1915 and 1927; Henry Hendel Richardson's series entitled "*The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*" (1917). And they all perhaps go back, in general scheme, to Balzac's *Comedie Humaince* (1829-47) and Zola's series "Les Rougon Macquart" (1817-93).

For the sake of convenience I have classified the writers of the period under various groups. They may not be said to be 'schools' proper, yet they facilitate the study of writers with similar artistic and philosophic bent of mind.

The first school is that of "*Exotics*". Critics have also referred their novels as '*The Novel of Adventure*. But they are quite different in theme and treatment from such novels of adventure, as say, *Robinson Crusoe*.

Exoticism is a brand of romanticism seeking its Inspiration from what Wordsworth might call an urge for 'old forgotten far-off things and battles long ago.' Distance lendeth enchantment and the writers suffocated in the fast industrialising towns think of far-off regions where humanity still preserves its pristine glories. Love of the orient, its lands and climes,

its love and living all fascinate the writers, From the science of nature which daily grows nore prodigal of wonders the transition remains easy to the poetry of the supernatural. A new literature takes its rise in scientific imagination. Stevenson is fully aware that his work is prompted by a desire to avoid the naturalism of Zola.

The need of mental adventure was already obeyed by such in instincts as did not receive full satisfaction from the central will to balance and order that underlay the Victorian Age. The personality of Burton makes the link visible that connects the conquest of the far-unknown with mysticism and imaginative literature. His '*A Pilgrimage to El—Medineh and Meccah*' was read with interest George Borrow's tastes led him among the wanderers of the road—gipsies and tramps; he shares their life, learns their language and finds occasion on the way side for engrossing adventures in the most simple meetings and incidents. He travels in Wales and no exotic land seems richer in enchanting experiences. Rich ard Jefferies practises the same escape of the soul. In him the mysticism of nature revives, with an intensity which half a century of increasing consciousness has but stimulated the more; and he surrenders to it more thoroughly than Wordsworth did.

Stevenson imparts a high aritistic quality to the novel of adventure, in its most declared form. Without any explicit profession, he gives his adhesion to anti-intellectualism, the need of which he experiences, like many others about him. The sweetness and the heroism of his nature are equally sincere. His *Inland voyage*; *Travels with a Donkey* and *Treasure Island* were all written in the last decades of the nineteeth century but they attracted readers even later.

Incidentally, Conrad, the sea-Dreamer, came out with his volume of *Ahnayer's Folly. An outcast of Island*, a set of shorter stories and *Lord Jim* which show his fascination for the East at its best. Curious to note, Conrad himself proceeded to 'pastures new' with his *Nostormo* and was no more to bother

about exotic impressionism, yet he had a wide influence on a host of minor writers who may be grouped under this school.

The nearest to Conrad and his exotic group in the matter and method of his art is Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) Conrad's junior by nearly a decade, he had leapt into fame before the other began to make any great impression, Born in India, he felt exotic influences before he trod the soil of England. The skies of India, the hot, wild breath of the jungle, quickened in his nerves a power of vivid sensation.

Kipling's art shows a queer medley of imperialistic and exotic veins. His short stories organize themselves readily into cycles. There is that of India, with the life of the English in the foreground and occasional glimpses into the strange, picturesque, disquietining under-world of native manners; that of the army and colonial compaigns; that of the navy or the merchant fleet; that of travel and exoticism; that of supernatural and the marvellous; that of the animal universe and the jungle. *Plain Tales from the hills*, '*Life's Handicap*' (1891) and *Jungle Books* (1894-95) show his range and love of the oriental pictures sqeness.

Among his greater novels *The Light that failed* and *Kim* was published in 1901 and has been a popular novel among a section of Indians. Kim is like the little Kiping at Lahore. He is sent to the madrissah, where, as Mehbub impatiently puts it, "they take the best years of man to teach him what he can only learn upon the road. The folly of the sahib has neither top nor bottom. At length he joins his partners in the Gam. The patient old Lama "coming and going across India as softly as a bat", has thought it well worth while to wait for such a *Chela*. Lovely is the bond of affection between them.

It is a tale that never flags in the varied interests that absorbed the two sides of Kipling's brain—the mystic soul of the East and the ordering intelligence of the West are symbolised

in a story that holds the least initiated reader in the grip of its kaleidoscopic romance. We can hardly afford to forget such figures as Creighton Sahib, Babu Huree Chand Mookerjee and last but not the least, Mahbub Ali, whose "carvan penetrated far and far into the Back of the Beyond".

There is still another Kipling, that of subbued tales, in which the supernatural strain is nearer to tradition, and where the elves and fairies of Shakespearsfolk-lore revive; and where in the idyllic secenery of Susex the succession of ages upon an ancient land is called up by a smilingly forceful imagination. *Puck of Pook's Hill. Rewards & Farries* are charming works but they no longer bear the stamp of genius.

Conrad remains the most dominant figure among the Exotics. Before we proceed to consider his satallites, it would be relevant to refer to his models in his early phase as a novelist. Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist, and the writer of such work as *'The Spy'* and *'The Last of the Mohicans'* influenced him as much as the English writer, *Frederic Marryet,* author of books like *'Peter Simple' Jacob Faithful'* and *Mr. Midshipman Easy"*. Conrad himself was faseinated by the East which like an Indian bride veiled so much of mysterious attraction for him.

W. H. Hudson (1841-1922) had not a trace of Conrad's creative genius, yet he is known as the author of a few romances and some excellent stories, of his own adventures or of occurances he had heard of in South America.

'Far Away & Long Ago' (1918), is the chronicle of his boyhood in the Argentine, his life on the pampas, the grouth of his passionate love of birds and animals and everything alive, and recollections of terrible events which later on gave colour to the tragic element in his fiction.

Hudson's works of fiction should be put on the same shelf as his *Naturalist in La Plata, Adventures Among Birds,* and *A shepherd's Life.* They are different; they are an excursion

from his main path; but their intrinsic values are of the same order.

He wrote three romances. *Purple Land* (1885), *Crystal Age* (1887) and *Green Mansions* (1904). The best known of them, however, is the last work. *Green Mansion* is a prose-poem to be compared with such classics as Chateaubriand's *Atale* and Pierre Loti's *Rarhu.* Some of it is clumsy and artificial, yet his attempts to body forth the unsullied beauty and innocence of nature, is unrivalled.

Hudson's friend, R. B. Cunnigham Graheme (1852-1936) never pretended to be a novelist but he has made—capital of his experiences in the South American continent. He went at the age of sixteen to South America, was a rancher in the Argentina, served in the Uruguay army, explored paraguay, farmed in Mexico, and amassed much the some sort of wild experiences as Hudson put into his tales. He also went to Morrocco, and disguised as a Turkish physician, tried to penetrate beyond the Atlas. The account of his attempt and his arrest and captivity may be found in *Mogrbel-Acksa* (1898), being by general consent the best of his books. He went farther east, on the pilgrimage to Mecca, for instance; and he seems to have been as familiar with Mohammaden ways of life and thought as with the Gauchos or the Apaches.

Such was the horror of contemporary life that man with abnormal sensibility indulged in exotic wanderings, thought queer things and even developed their own religions. Marmaduke William Pickthall (1875-1936), however, accepted Islam and late in life was Imam at the working mosque. He had lived among the Druses of Labanon and in Egypt, and afterwards come to India, where he was for a long while editor of the *Bombay Chronicle* and then *Hyderabad Quarterly.* He was a great orientalist on both the literary and the political and social side. One of his big works was a translation of the *Koran*; but the book by which he achieved lasting fame was *Said the Fisherman* (1903), whilst he also wrote some novels of English

life, two or three others of Egypt and Arabic, and a set of tales, *'Oriental' Encounters, Palestine & Syria* (1918).

The "*Realists*," whom Virgina Woolf was latter to dub as *Materialists*, stand contrasted to the *Exotics*. The school founded by Balzac in France found a congenial atmosphere in Soviet Russia in the hands of Gorky and Sholokov but the English adherents to the Faith were no less formidable. The best treatise on the philosophy and mission of English Realists is H. G. Wells' "*The Contemporary Novel*". Believing as they do in the utilitarian value of art, they try to make the novel a vehicle for social and sociological discussion, and condemn the idea of its being solely a means of relaxation. Well's strictures on the "weary Giant Theory" of fiction is significant. The realists consider 'inner light' to be the worst kind of lighting and relish in the idea of encompassing life within the scope of the novel.

H. G. Wells' early works like *The Time Mechine*, (1895) *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The First Men in the Moon* (1901) *The Food of the Gods* (*1904*), *In the Days of the Comet* (1906) *The War in the Air* (1908), are founded on the particular species of the marvellous which modern science can suggest. From biology and applied mechanic he passed on to the problems of the future of man; a socialist and sociologist, he lived for nearly half a century in a daily intercourse of the mind with the efforts, the disappointments, the hopes, of the search for a better life extended to all. His energy of social reflection is the soul of his novels, in which the critical analysis of what is mingles with the study of what should or must be; in which a passionate feeling of the collective drama that man is 'enacting on the earth, quickened by personal motives stimulates and guides his imagination. The novel thus becomes a confession of evil in all its forms, and an simple discussion of its remedies; it develops at the same time towards international politics, and towards religious philosophy, for the free examination of supreme questions and lasting issues.

Wells' latter novels—*Kipps* (1905) *Tono Bungy* (1909), *The History of Mr. Polly* (1910), *The New Machiaevalli* (1911) *Marriage* (1912), etc. have all social problems at their core. Wells is in novel what Shaw is in contemporary drama and what a Balzac and Zola had done in France, Wells did again in England with less genius than the one or the other but with a sociological sense more precise than that of either. Such a study as that we find in *Tono-Bungay* of the structure of English society, with its two poles, the agricultural, hierarchical and, superannauted civilization of the Bladesover system and on the other hand the swarming world of commence, advertising, and money, is a broad general picture of rare power, in which the lights are distributed by the artist with an accuracy that scientist might envy.

Born of equally typical English stock, Galsworthy has received as well a graft from abroad. France and Russia have had a share in the formation of his realism. More aristoratic than H. G. Wells, he has brought no less clear and no less bold a mind to the analysis of the social order. His criticm moves on parallel lines to that intellectual endeavour whose example set by Metthew Arnold, Meredith and Samual Butler, is followed among the contemporaries by Shaw and Wells.

After tentative beginnings, the personality of Galsworthy shows itself in *The Island Pharisees* (1904) in which the two main directions of his work appear. It is a document in which he describes his view of the social unrest, the central and all important conflict of which all other conflicts about particular sisues are simply the less important phases. That unrest means to him, the clash of two temperamentally dissimilar beliefs about society; whatever is, is right, and whatever is, is wrong. The conflict is always waged about the statusquo of the given moment, the aristocrat fighting to maintain and the revolutionists to abolish.

His theme, the impingement on each other of two opposed doctrines and temperaments, is what Galsworthy works out in several of his novels. In *The Island Pharisees* (1904) he satirizes

the aristocratic class through what it believes; in *The Man of Property* (1906) through what it possesses; in *The Country House* (1907) through what it does; and in *The Patricians* (1911) through what is inherits. By his philosophy his property, his conduct and his heredity, the four fences of his narrow predetermined square, the aristocrat is cut off from the mass of mankind, the large "community of hopes and fears" which merges the solidarity of tribe or clan or class in the solidarity of nation or race or, at the largest interpretation, of mankind.

In a society founded upon money, however, property is the root of the outstanding opposition of interests, feelings and ideas. A series of narratives gather round the fate of a family which symbolises the reign of the instinct of personal ownership. "The *Forsyte Saga*———*The Man of Property* (1906); *In Chancery* (1920); *To let* (1922)———has the powerful range of those vast imaginative constructions in which the modern novel, giving itself the broader scope of several generations and varied plots, has encompassed the psychological and social complexity of life.

In his *Forsty' Saga* and *A Modern Comedy* the history of four generation of Forsytes the history of the upper middle classes from Victorian times to our day, is written down, and brought into its right perspective as one crucial phase in the history of civilization, a phase of social development or social decadence. No one has ever found a better form to answer to and express the social theorm at the back of his mind.

Arnold Bennet (867-1931) was born at Hanley, one of the "Five Towns" in the potteries region of Stratfordishire. The growth and modernization of these manufacturing towns is an intrinsic part of the story told in one large group of his novels and tales.

A man from the North (1898) and *Anna of the Five Towns* are the novels that came out before Bennet established himself in Paris in 1903. He was living near Fontainbleau when he

finished *The Old Wives' Tale* (1908), the long work that brought him recognition as leading English realist. In 1911 the novelist settled down in a quiet spot in Essex. *Claghanger* (1910) was a novel of the same order as *The Old Wives Tale* but its two sequels *Hilde Lessways* (1911) and *These Twins* (1916) did not reach the standard.

The Old Wives Tale, the most representative of Bennett's work, is a novel that stretchs out in both time and space. This is the story of two sisters, Constance and Sophia, who are the victims of the gigantic demon of materialism. The staid, serious Constance is one of those to whom nothing ever happens, she stays all her life in Bursley; hers is the common humdrum lot. The spirited sophia folls in love, elopes, and would have been victimised by a worthless husband had she not been clear-headed and capable and, having rid herself of that encumbrance, she makes her own fortune in Paris during the Siege, coming back eventually to the Five Towns an old woman.

One implication of Bennett's view of life is his sense of significance of things, the crude material substances of living. Our modern malady is materialism. We are chocked and strangled and drowned in things; we express all our values and ambitions in term of things. The disease is more marked than it once was; because we do not admit that it is a disease at all: we call it Progress. And Bennet continually astonishes us with the extent and minuteness of the world he knows, winning his applause from no less a person than Henry James who undertook to depict, his "saturation" with his subject matter, "the firmness and fulness of his embrace of it".

Bennett's novel, are poor in poetry, in imaginative intensity, in variety of shades, in philosophical originality. On the other hand, they rest upon a solid foundation; their harmony with a certain national and human nature, with some fundamental needs of our instinct of truth, imparts to them the character what may last.

Bennett's counterpart on the other side of the Atlantic

is Teodore Dreiser. His career as a novelist is exactly contemporary with Edith Wharton's. Famous among his works are:-

Sister Carrie (1900) ; *The Financier* (1912)

The Titan (1914) ; *The Genius* (1915) and

An American Tragedy (1925).

Thesé novels are fundamentally a reaction against conventinal ways of regarding human nature. They are one continuous protest against the prime assumptions of the genteel novel.

Dreiser views life in the larger perspective of Balzec' and the French naturalists. More than a satirist he is a brooding, compassionate, philosophical observer.

Cousins to the "Realists" are the bantering satirists, headed by Butler and following the line in the works of Shaw, Chesterton and Hillaire Belloc.

Samuel Butler (1835-1902) came before the public as early as 1872 with the original edition of *Erwhon*. But the right chronological place in history for Butler is at the beginning of the 20th century, when a revised edition of *Erwhon*, accompanied by *Erwhon Revisited* (1901), recalled attention to it, and with the novel that soon followed. *The way of all Flesh* (1903) had drastic affects on the minds of a great many readers. and fellow writers, now better prepared for such revolutionary ideas. *The Way of All Flesh* is the typical bad example of a child's nature perverted and his life received by an unenlightened system of education, the main object of which is to reduce in-dividuality to an approved pattern by the facile method of stereotÿping in a mould. It was, in short, an exposure of the modes of parental upbringing consecreted by usage, and a chief weapon of the satire was Butler's irradiating irony which unmasks the most specious pretences.

G. B. Shaw was one of the few who read Butler before general interest was excited by the new *Erwhon* and *The Way of All Flesh*. After Butler's death, he assumed the office of interpreter of the long ignored oracle, and made it no secret

that his own views of society and progress were assimilated to a very large extent at the feet of Butler.

G. K. Chesterton is the champion of orthodoxy. He also felt the unrest caused by science and reason and instead of seeking an outlet in dreams, philosophy or pessimism was led to put forth an aggressive justification for his demands. He was far too much in love with laughter to be tempted beyond the frontiers of comedy, though his paradoxes and flights of apparently irresponsible extravagances were definite criticism of life, satirizing cherished commonplaces and illusory modernism from the empyrean of pure ideas. In his two novels *Napolean of Notting Hill* (1904) and *The Man who was Thursday* (1908) Chesterton's belief in the fruitful novelty of the most ancient truth is evident.

The school looking forward to Turgenev and Flaubert as models was living simultaneously with the school of Balzac and Zola. The exponents of technique in English fiction——— Henry James, Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox, are all nurtured in the French School, although they developed and perfected their own methods later. Compared with them the Realists had little of technique and it was no affectation when H. G. Wells wrote to Henry James :

> "My art is abortion———on the shelves of
> my study stand a little vain-gloriously———
> thirty odd premature births. Many retain their
> gill-slits. The most finished have still hare lips,
> cleft palates, open crania. They are my children."

The Realists, particularly of the type of Wells, who are out to solve the problems of the world cannot afford the luxury of technicalities in art. It was left to comparatively speaking lesser enthusiastic souls to wrap their visions into technical elaborations.

Conrad had learnt much from Flaubert—————the Flaubert of *Madame Bovary*, *Salambo* and *St. Antoine*. He came

in contact with Ford much later. Both of them were enthusiastic devotees of Maupassant and Flaubert whose stories they knew so well in the original that when one would begin reciting some well-known passage the other would take up the recitation and carry it on to the end. What they worshipped in these French writers was the *mot juste* and the cadence the Gancourt ideal of *ecriture artiste,* with the perfect rise and fall. Their notions of style were not identical, Conrad being inclined. Ford thought, to make his writing *trop charge'*. This was one thing Wells admired in Conrad, and he begged Ford not to collaborate with him for fear no should spoil his magnificent "Oriental style".

Conrad's emotion is too warm and turbulent to be confined within the dry dikes of the *mot juste.* Over and over again, when he broods upon man's destiny and the futile stir he makes upon the vast impressive face of nature, he reaches heights of imaginative splendour which would be impossible to a mere critical artist. The writer of the *Malayan trilogy. Heart of Darkness, Nastromo* and *victory* is much too individualistic to be brought under any specific fold.

Conrad's *Cher Maitre, Henry James* is one of the most remarkable technicians in Fiction. He strikes the modern note in his work by adhering to the dramatic mode of writing novels. Already in the middle of the 19th century attempts were made in France to write novels as objectively as drama. Flaulert's *Madame Bovary* is in this respect "the novel of novels". Yet the French master failed to dramatise his stories in the sense James did. The important characteristics of the stage—directness and immediacy—were translated by him into fiction, through psychological probing into the character's mind. Henry James calls this 'dramatic present' a selected "discriminated occasion". When the author is done with explaining the circumstances that led to the present situation, he arrives at the situation itself in its concrete immediacy. The persons are confronted in some particular place, at some particular hour of the day; they begin to act, they begin to talk, they

are actually in the process of working out the issue. James, in short, presents the subjective drama in an objective manner.

The American (1877) is among his earlier novels. This is the story of an American businessman who wishes to marry a young French woman of rare personal distinction but he finds himself engaged in a strange battle in the dark with her relations, who, though attracted by his great wealth, have an invincible repugnance to marrying into "business'. It is an absorbing story and at the same time a charming comedy of manners on that ever recurrent theme of James'————the contrast of American and European attitudes and style of behaviour.

The novel is as good an example of dramatic concentration as Dostovosky's *Crime and Punishment.*' But like the Russian novelist he fails to show that meticulous concern for the restricted point of view which he does show in his later novels. By the time he came to write *The Spoils of Poynton* (1897) he had learned that his forte was not for psychological analysis, for the detection of what lies in the background of the human spirit, but rather for the dramatic presentation of mental-states as the characters themselves are conscious of them. But even so, there is an obvious distinction between novels like *The Golden Bowl* (1904) and *The Wings of Dove* (1902). On the one hand, and those like *What Maisie knew* (1897) and the *Amlassador* (1903) on the other.

In *The Ambassador*, the most remarkable of full-length novels of James, the single point of view is maintained. Lambert strether has come abroad on errand that calls for the subtlest exercise of his faculty for interpretation and apprecia tion.

In the novel it was not the story of Chad Newsome and Marie de Vionett that James undertook to present, nor the relations between Strether and Mrs. Newsome, nor Franco-American society in Paris : it was just so much of all these as come to him in the pursuit of that embassy ; it was his

'appreciation' of all these things in their relation to his undertaking.

To the reader who finds in all this only bafflement, one must admit that the process of Henry James does largely consist in amassing subtleties. The principle of his basic simplicity is of course to be sought in his one inclusive interest, which has never for an instant shifted : his interest in the two inter-dependent fruits of civilization, of breeding, of the human horticulture at its most exquisite. The first of those fruits is perfection of environment, of scene—the spirit or genius of place. The second is the perfection of the individual soul. All the best work of Henry James is reducible by analysis to a case of situation with these two human idealities. He is the historian of man's object of art, his buildings, streets, cities, the outer shell and the inner decoration of his culture. He is what Conrad calls '*the historian of fine consciences*'. What strikes us most in James's work is his over-elaboration of style. He deals very little in the crude obvious truths of human passions and appetites. His is primarily a world of sentiments, a world of intellectualized or idealized emotion. There is too much of 'living' in him but little 'life' and it partly justifies H. G. Wells' stricture of James being "*the Culmination of the superficial type*".

Although James is very much of a modern writer, he does belong to the tradition of novelists like Dickens, Meredith and George Eliot. Dr. F. R. Leavis in his famous book 'Great Tradition' considers his position from this point of view. James, thus may be said to be the most modern of the older generation. The new school of '*Modernists*', however, is the school of Conrad, Lawrence and Dorothy Richardson. The new man are naturally affected by the new psychology. The human soul to them is a vast fluid, or even vaporous mass, wide spreading far-beyond the feeble village-lights of our conventional reading of character, deep sounding with our nervaus and animal organization, into childhood,

heredity. The new writers are as much concerned as the old ones with the psyche as the forcus of life experience. Only, with their modern conception of the psyche, they have been striving for rendering it with new devices, new procedures. Technically speaking there is a tendency of deformalization, shift from without to within, preference for diversity and compleity and growing tendency to discontinuity.

Conrad is the sanest of the Modernist school which later lapsed into the rut of 'stream of consciousness'. He is generally dubbed as a sea-Dreamer, Kipling of the south-seas, an exotic teller of tropical tales. Nothing could have been more unjust to him than these labels. Born in Poland, educated, literally and metaphorically in France, he settled down in England to write his novels after his ulysses like voyages along the latitudes and longitudes of the Globe. His earlier novels---*Almayer's Folly* (1895), *An outcast of an Island* (1896) and *Lord Jim* (1900) do smack of exotic flovour. This exotic matter may be traced in his equisite impressions of the tropical world, the bright sunny days of the East Indies, the deep waters, the dark forests, the savage secrets of the native hearts. His task in the earlier phase of his writing is amply brought out in the Preface to '*The Nigger of the Nercissus* :

> "*My task which I am trying to achieve is,*
> *by the power of written word to make*
> *You hear, to make you feel*---------*it is,*
> *before all, to make you see. That*
> *and no more, and it is everything.*"

The philosophic side of his art is to be found in his famous remarks in *A personal Record* :

> "*Those who read me know my conviction*
> *that the world, the temporal world, rests*
> *on a few very simple ideas, so simple that*
> *they must be as old as the hills. It rests notably,*
> *on the idea of Fidelity.*"

Conrad from his earlier impressionatic period passed on to the mature phase of his art which culumiates in *Nostromo* (1904) which can be regarded as one of the few masterpieces of the century. His story of a South-American Republic with all its paraphernalia of commerce, transport, industry and journalism, is set in the perennially glimmering shadow of the Huegertota and surrounding the deep darkness of the Gulfo Placido. His later works *The Secept Agent* (1907) *Under Western Eyes* (1909), *Chance* (1911), and *Victory* (1915) all bear testimony to his magnificant creative power. These works show him at his best and are mirrors of his "spectacular theory" of the universe. The theory developed and elaborated in the last pages of the *Personal Record* is the high water-mark of conadian genius. He contradicts the ethical view of the universe and asserts that its object is purely spectacular: "a Spectacle for awe, love, adortion of hate, if you like, but never for despair. These visions, delicious or poignant, are a moral end in themselves. The rest is our affair——— the laughter, the tears, the indignation, the high tranquillity of a steeled heart, the detached curiosity of a subtle mind————that is our own affair. And the unwearied self frightful attention to every phase of the living universe reflected in our consciousness may be our appointed task on this earth. A task in which fate has perhaps engaged nothing of us except our conscience, gifted with a voice in order to bear testimony to the visible wonder, the haunting terror, the infinite passion and the illumitable serenity to the supreme law and the abiding mystery of the sublime spectacle."

I am quoting below a passage from Conrad's *victory* which he read out to his American audience in 1923. All is over with Lena who has been rescued by the sceptic Heyst to the lonely island of Samburan. She is dying in order to save her lover from the hands of the wicked trio:

"Over samburan the thunder had ceased to growl at last, and the world of material forms shuddered no more under the emerging stars. The spirit of the girl which was passing away

from under them clung to her triumph convinced of the reality of her victory over death.

............Exulting she saw herself extended on the bed, in a black dress, and profoundly at peace; while stooping over her with a kindly playful smile, he was ready to lift her up in his firm arms and take her into the sanctuary of his innermost heart——for ever. The flush of rapture flooding her whole being broke out in a smile of innocent girlish happiness, and with that divine radiance on her lips she breathed her last, triumphant seeking for his glance in the shades of death."

D. H. Lawrence, a stubbornly self-contained character is by right the centre of modern group. He found expression in a desperate pursuit of the ideal of moral sanity, and in the delivering of a strange message.

Lawrence has not been a creator of forms. His novels the realism of which is all stirred by a longing for symbolical suggestion, will glow now and again with poetic ardour; but their informing thought is not strong enough, nor is their structure sufficiently firm. He abondoned himself utterly and decisevely to the powerful current of instinctive life. He stove to identify has consciousness with the innermost urge; he put him-self in immediate contact with the dark region of semiconscious feeling and of impulses that defy analysis and disconcert the understanding.

He is said to be "crucified into sex" and was called a "crusader for love", which "universalizes the individual". Among his famous novels, *The White Peacock* (1911) was about a set of young people. The main story is of a disappointed lover who marries unhappily and takes to drink. *Sons & Lovers* (1913) is an autobiographical piece. It appeared after Lawrence had found the woman be craved in Frieda. The novel has been rightly held by authorities on the subject as the first genuine example of psychoanalytical fiction in English. His next Novel *The Rainbow* (1915) was condemned in a police court as obscene book. By this time he had developed his thesis of

sexual life being an "entry into another circle of existence, it was the baptism to another life, it was the complete confirmation".

"*Woman in Love*" (1921) followed by his Australian novels-*Kangaroo* (1923) and *The Boy in the Bush* (1924). The former is his closest approximation to the contemporary discussion on novel, consisting largely of long-winded talks and reviews on life and the present state of civilized world: the latter is a more Lawrention book than its predecessor. Meredith saw in man's nature a trinity-blood, brain, and spirit. Lawrence disregards the latter elements, and sees men as nature, instinct, a secret soul, by discussing and obeying which he who is strong enough to free himself from the meaningless shackles of society as it is may grow into a free Agent. This is what jack Grant succeeds in doing.

It must be borne in mind that throughout the great part of his literary career, Lawrence felt he was fighting against time. He was still struggling to find the meaning of life when his novel *Lady Challerleys Lover* (1929) appeared. It was a complete "phallic novel" which he had long contempleted——" a novel of the phallic consciousness as against the mental consciousness of today". He believed in the novel as a means of directing "the flow of our sympathetic consciousness"; properly handled, it "can reveal the most secret places of life; for it is in the *passional* secret places of life above all that the tide of sensitive awareness needs to ebb and flow, cleansing and refreshing".

The central affair is the history of a woman in this purposeless modern world who, being married to the boronet, a man wounded in the war and now impotent, finds the sexual fulfilment to which she is entitled in her husband's game-keeper. The book is in fact full of gibes at the hideousness and humbug of so much of our modern world and the ultimate result is dreary and painful. And yet Lawrence meant it as a great eulogy of that physical tendencess which he contends is spiritual in essence, his axiom being that the body is the soul. His novels

actually compose a natural history of the sexual life, concerning themselves as they do with what he held to be the most momentous group of incidents in the whole course of men's initiation and absorption in the general life of the universe and the consummation of the self.

No account of the study of Fiction during the first two decades of the century may be considered complete without referring to the great polemic between two of the greatest figures of modern fiction———Henry James and H. G. Wells. They met sometime in 1891 and were on best of terms till 1905. Later there was some rift in their relations which culminated in their quarrel. James was the exponent of the "well-made Novel," whereas Wells headed the cause of the Realists. In his *"The Contemporary Novel"* Wells had given a reply to James and Conrad and had prided in his art being "abortion" and himself a "journalist". But James's rejoinder in *"The Younger Generation"* proved a fuel to the fire. The image for Bennett's fiction as the 'squeezing of a plump and juicy orange' infuriated Wells to the extent that he retaliated by writing his famous satire '*Boon*' which was published in 1914.

James is criticized because he wants a novel to be simply and completely *done*. He wants to have a unity, he demands homogenity. Wells thinks that this insistence on form is like insisting that a walking tour must stick to one valley.

But James begins by taking it for granted that a novel is a work of art that must be judged by its oneness. Then he is all out to elaobrate. "You can see from his book that he accepts ettiquettes, procedures, associations, claims. This is his peculiarity. He accepts very readily and then——elaborates. He has one of the strongest minds but has the smallest penetration. Indeed, he has no penetration. *He is the Culmination of the superficial type.*

He talks of 'selection' and of making all a novel definitely about a theme. But in practice James's selection becomes just omission and nothing more.

James's denatured people are only the equivalent in fiction of those egg—faced, black-barried ladies, who sit and sit, in the Japanese colour—prints. His world is like a church but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high alter..............He is a magnificient but painful hippopotamus, resolved at any cost upon picking up a pea............"

It was left for history to show that both the schools standing on two different poles rendered no positive service to humanity worth the name. This is obviously because of the extremist point of view adopted by our writers without any regard to such values as should find an echo in every heart. The revival of Conrad and such other artists, however, indicates a healthy turn in our aesthetic graph. For when all is said and done, art is the expression of universal values and if we take up the task seriously, we will contribute to the creation of a new humanity. "Not round the inventor of new noises, but round the inventor of new values doth the world revolve, inaudibly it revolveth". (Neitzsche).

SHE SAID IT

Masooma Kazmi

A boy and a girl met before a shop in the main market of Amritsar. His hair and her loose knickers indicated that both of them were sikhs. The shop keeper was busy with a man who was trying to count all the layers of a seer of mild 'Papars'.

'Where is your home ?' the boy asked.

"In Magra—and yours ?"

'In Manjha—where are you staying her ?'

'At my uncle's, his name is Atar Singh'

'I've also come here to my uncle. His house is in Guru Bazaar'.

At the sametime, shopkeeper got free from that man and began to give them their askings. They paid the money and walked side by side. He hesitated, smiled and asked—"Have you got engaged ?"

The girl got flushed, put out her large eyes and said 'Hush!' and ran away.

They met three or four times after this incident. He asked every time the same question whether she got engaged and she replied in the same 'Hush!' and ran away.

Otherday, when he tried to tease her with the same question, she answered—'Yes, I've got engaged'.

'When ?'

'Yesterday—Don't you see this embroidered Sikh Shal?'

And she walked, her eyes towards her feet.

The boy took his way to home. He pushed a little boy into gutter, hit a dog with a stone and poured out milk in a vegetable-seller's basket. He had a clash with a religious woman coming from the river side and got the title of blind, then reached his home at lost.

(2)

'O God ! what type of war is this ! We sit in the bitter cold days and nights. Bones are aching with this piercing wind ! Ten times more cold than Ludhiyana, rain and snow—and life in muds!—No peace at all. Cannons are booming every second. Escape from the chilly cold than fight ! Only goodness knows where these Germans are lying, on soil or in the leaves of the tall grass. Oh!"

"Three days more are left, Lahnasingh, relief may come day after tomorrow and then—a sevenday holiday!" Subedar Hazara Singh Said with a gloomy excitement "We will prepare our food ourselves, we will sleep on the velvety grass of the garden of that English lady who rains fruits and milk over us. She never takes its cost and says that we are the saviours of her country—that we are kings!"

"O, I've'nt slept four days" Lahna Singh became a little restless—"Horse feels dull without running and the soldier without fighting. I wish I was commanded to go out of this trench. I may go alone and kill seven Germans at once, if not so, may I not find any apportunity to bow before 'Darbar Saheb'. Stupid fellows ! They depend upon machines" His voice became very harsh "I fought that day and cleared up four miles from Germans. General Saheb commanded afterwards to go back otherwise—"

"Otherwise you might have reached directly Berlin" Said Subedar Hazara Singh with a smile " we have to fight in 300 miles. What would be the result if we all begin to fight in only one wing and leave the others free?"

"True, Subedarji, but what to do now? Bones are freezing with cold. The trench is full of muddy water. Streams

are running here and there as we have seen in Chamba, Valley. We will be warmer if the fight begins"—He stopped suddenly.

"Udmi, get up, put some coals and logs in the fireplace. Wazira, you four people throw this dirty water with these buckets. Maha Singh, evening has arrived, change the duty up the watch now," Subedar began to move through the trench delivering all the important orders.

Wazir Singh was the clown of that branch. He filled the bucket with dirty muddy water, threw it outside the trench and said 'I've become the priest, come and do the bone-flowing ceremony of German King.'

Lahna Singh filled another and said, giving the bucket to Wazira, "come, water your melons, such fertile water can never be found in whole Punjab!——What a good country is this! I'll take five acres of land here after the war and plant fruit trees in it".

"Will you call your wife here or the same English lady-who—"

'Shut up! The people here are shameless. I could not make her understand that Sikhs do not smoke but she tries to put the cigarette on my lips. If I put a step back, she thinks that the king is angry and won't fight for her country any more".

"Quite Okay".

"Don't I know all about him and you! You wrap him in both your blankets and pass your night besides fire place. You watch on his turns, you force him to lay comfortably on dry timbers and you lay down in muds. Won't you get weak Lahna? It is terribly cold here, just death, and people dying with pneomonia do not get the five acres of land beside the canals".

"You don't worry for me. I'll die at the bank of 'Bulel' (River)—'Lahna's voice be came dreamily heavy' My head will be upon Brother Keerat Singh's lap and the shadow of my mango tree shall be upon my face."

"Do not talk of dying or of death! Die Germans and Turks, why should we? Come, let's have a song." Wazira decided to make merry.

They began to sing and others joined them in a typical Punjabi Song. They got as happy and fresh as they were making merry for the last four days.

It is the dark and silent midnight. Bodha Singh is lying on two Blankets and is covered up with two others and Lahna Singh's overcoat. Lahna is on the watch, keeping one eye at the mouth of the trench and the other on Bodha's weak body. Bodha murmurs in pain.

"What is this Bodha? How are you feeling now"? He asked affectionately.

"Give me some water. I am shivering with cold":

"Take my jersy and wear it".

"And you?"

"No I wont take it, you are taking trouble for me for the last three days—"

"O, I remember. I've got another jersy, arrived only this morning."

"Ladies are sending them from Britain. Guru bless them" And he began ta remove his jersy.

"Is it true?"

"Certainly". He gave his jersy to Bodha. The tale of new jersy was false.

Half an hour slipped. A voice came from the mouth of the trench—"Subedar Hazara Singh!"

"Who? Lieutenant, Sir? Command please! Subedar saluted him."

"There are nearly 50 Germans in a trench hardly one mile from here. You leave ten soldiers here and march with the others. 15 soldiers are waiting there for you." He began to give instructions about the way to the trench. "Take the

trench from Germans and wait there till you receieve the next commaned".

"Yes Sir !"

All of them got dressed hurriedly. Bodha tried to get up but Lahna Singh forced him to lay down. He came forward but Subedar, Bodha's father, pointed towards Bodha and he understood; Subedar left eight people in the trench and marched away.

Lieutenant lit a cigarette and offered another to Lahna—"Take it and smoke".

Lahna got into a panic. He understood the whole matter. He thanked him and began to judge his face, hair style and complexion. 'No mistake' he murmured. Lieutenant was with him for five years. He planned something and asked—"Sir, when would we go to India".

"Why ? Don't you like France ?"

"No Sir, I can not help to forget the joys of hunting. It is India's own charm. Don't you remember Sir, when you and I went for a hunt in Jagadhari District, when you were riding on a "Khota" (ass) and your Khansama went to worship in a near by "Mandir", a 'Neelgai' with big horns was passing across us and you shot it in only one bullet. The joy of hunting increased with such a good officer as you are. Why Sir, head of that 'Neelgai' was given to be prepared in Simla, you said that it would be decorated in the Regiment Mess.".

'Oh ! I've sent it to England. It's horns were 2 feet 4 inches.—er- why are'nt you smoking ?

"Oh, just now, excuse me Sir, may I bring the match-box ?" He went inside the trench. His brain was working quickly. He clashed with somebody in darkness. "Who ? Wazira ?"

"Yes Lahna, what is the trouble, arrived ? - Let me sleep for a moment".

"Come to senses Wazira, trouble has arrived in Lieutenant's uniform."

"What ?"

Lieutenant Saheb is arrested or most probably is killed. Some German has come in his uniform. Subedar could not see his face. I've judged him and had a conversation with him. He speaks fluent Bookish Hindustani. He gave me a cigarette wicked fellow !"

"What to do now ?"

"We are in danger. Subedar must be wandering in woods and the trench would be destroyed here. Get up and run as fast as you can, marking the footprints of the soldiers. Bring them back because the tale about the German trench is false, go, do not make any sound."

"But we are ordered to".

"Hell to orders ! I am the highest officer over here for the moment. You must follow my orders. Go, don't make delay, I'll see this Lieutenant."

"But you are only eight here."

"Eight, No, one Akalia Sikh is equal to a million of enemies." Wazira Singh went without any more discussion. Lahna Singh came back silently and began to judge the activities of the man. He watched carefully—Lieutenant put out three balls from his poket, placed them at three places in the soft wall of the trench, connected them with each other with a thin wire. There was a kind of cotton threads at it's end. He kept the knot by the fireplace and lit up a matchstick and—

Lahna Singh pressed the barrel of his rifle in both his hands and gave a hard blow upon Lieutenant's elbow. The matchstick fell upon the earth Lahna attacked twice upon his neck and back, and he fell on earth with 'Ah my God!' Lahna took out the three balls from the wall and threw them out of the trench. He dragged the man and laid his body before the fire place. He Searched his pockets and found four envelopes

and a diary from them. The man came to his senses in the meantime, Lahna Singh gave him a full blow on his jaw and taunted—"Why Lieutenant Saheb? How do you do? I've learn't many things today! That Sikhs Smoke, that Neelgais with 2 feet 4 inches horns are found in Jagadhari District. I learnt that Muslim Khansama worships in Mandir !" He had a profound chuckle and continued. "And that Lieutenant Saheb rides on an ass! But tell me where did you learn this fluent Hindustani? Our Lieutenant does not speak even five words without a Damn.!

Lahna Singh did not search the pockets of his trousune; He put both his hands in them as to get rid of them. Lahna Singh continued after a pause—You should possess four eyes to decieve me, you Germans—

The man pressed the trigger in his pocket and a bullet passed across Lahna's lap. As a prompt respond to it, two bullets of Lahna's Henry Marting finished his life. Other people gathered hurriedly on the spot. Bodha cried "What is this?"

"Nothing, Bodha, it was a mad dog, I've killed. He tore a piece from his Safa and tied his wound. Bleeding stopped because the wound was in the flesh. Sikhs got ready to face the worse.

At the sametime, 70 Germans jumped in the trench, Sikhs were ready to receive the attack but they were only eight in number. They bore the first and second attack and then began to answer in shooting. All of them were lying on the earth except Lahna. He was standing and firing cleverly. They were eight, Germans seventy, Germans were walking dead slow upon the dead bodies of their fellow soldiers. They were nearly to come face to face when all at once a loud noise of "Wah Guruji ki Fatah, Wah Guruji ka Khalsa" resounded the whole trench. Germans were encircled now. A terible smash of fires began to beat down the Germans from the back. People at the front began to use their bayonets. Some moments slipped in a hard struggle. And all the Sikhs began to shout with joy, the fight came to an

end, 63 Germans were killed or seriously injured. Fifteen Sikh youths were killed. A bullet went through subedar Hazara Singh's shoulder. Lahna Singh had another wound in his ribs. He filled the wound with soft and wet soil of the trench and tied his 'safa' around his waist. Nobody came to realize that the bullet was inside his ribs. No one knew, that Lahna has wound—A dangerous wound !

The noise of fight and the sound of rifle fire was heard in the nearby trench and the ring was passed to another. The people there phoned to the head quarters. Field hospital was not very far away. Two surgeons and two vans were sent to give first aid to the injured. The injured were laid down in one van the other one was to carry the dead bodies. Subedar asked Lahna to get dressed his lap but he said that it would be seen tomorrow. Bodha Singh was muttering in delirium. He was laid down in the van. Subedar was not willing to leave Lahna but he said sternly—"you will be responsible for the worst of Bodha and Subedarni if you will not get by this van."

"And you."

"Vans'll come to carry the German dead bodies. I am not in a bad state and Wazira Singh is here with me."

"Well but."

"Have you laid Bodha comfortably ? You sit beside— Listen when you write home, please send my respects to Subedarni ji and tell her that I've done what she said when you go home,"

"Vans were moving, Subedar pressed Bodha's hand and said with a trembling voice—"you are the saviour of Bodha's and mine life. There is no need to write. We will go home together. You tell your Subedarni yourself.-What did she say ?"

"Now you sit down in the Van. Write and tell her what I've said".

As soon as the Vans left the spot, Lahna lied down on earth. "Wazira, give me some water and remove my belt. It is wet with blood".

Memory becomes very clear before death. All the incidents of life come one by one as the pictures come on the silver screen.

Lahna Singh is thirteen. He is staying at his uncle's in Amritsar. He sees a girl in the main market and at various places afterwards. He teases her by asking whether she was *engaged and she always answers in a* "Hush" and runs away. But one day when he asks the same question, she remains serious and says, "Yes, yesterday, do'nt you see this silk embroidered shawl?" He feels sorry and angry. Why he feels like that.

"Wazira Singh, give me some water."

*   *   *   *

23 years later—Lahna Singh is the Jamadar in 77 Rifles. He is on a week's holiday at his home, in Manjha. He gets the order later of Lieutenant telling him that the Army is required in France and he should come at once. He gets another letter from Subedar Hazara Singh, asking to pick him up from his village when he leaves. Subedar has a deep regard and love for Lahna Singh. He reaches his home.

Subedar comes from inside. "Lahna, go and see Subedarni. She knows you. She is calling you".

Lahna went in a puzzle. Subedarni knows me! How? Subedars family never lives in the Regiment Quarters! He comes to the door and listens Subenarni's blessings in a confused silence.

"Recognize me?"

"No!"

"Have you got engaged? 'Hush'!—Yes, yesterday, don't you see this embroidered silk shawl? In Amritsar—"

Lahna Singh changed his side. Some water, Wazira, she said it!

*   *   *   *

Dream is going on. Subedarni is saying—"I recognized you as soon as you arrived. Will you do some thing for me? I am a frustrated poor woman. Government has given

medals for bravery to Subedarji, and land in Loyalpur. The time to show the faithfulness has arrived—But why has the Government not made an army of women so that I may go along with Subedarji and my son to fight. Only a son ! he has entered army last year. Four were born after him but none is alive," Subedarni began to weep Now both are going to play with death. My fortune, what can I say to it ? Don't you remember the day when you saved my life from the horns of a mad ox. You saved me that day by going under its legs, Save both of them now. I beg you, I spread my 'Anchal' before you—"

Subedarni went inside crying bitterly; Lahna Singh came out drying up his tears by his sleeve.

"Wazir Singh, I'll drink some water."

* * * *

Lahna Singh is lying, his head upon Wazir Singh's lap. Wazira gives him water whenever he asks for some. Lahna Singh is calm and silent for half an hour. His wounds are Bleeding slowly. Suddenly he speaks—"Who? Brother Keerat Singh?"

Wazira understands and answers—"Yes".

"Keerat Singh, Bhaiya, make me a little high. Put my head upon your lap".

Wazira does so.

"Yes, it is alright now! Give me some water. This tree shall give a good lot of mangoes this year. Uncle and nephew, You'll Sit here and eat them. Keerat, this tree is as big as your nephew is. I've planted it in the same month when he was born."

Tears were flowing continuously from Wazir Singh's eyes.

* * * * *

Sometimes later—people read in newspapers—"France and Belgium, 68 List, Died with wounds in the battle field, No. 67 Sikh Rifles, Jamadar Lahna Singh."

(Translated from Hindi)